Ecstasy - The Forgotten Language

Chapter : 1:Now or never

I. 13. mo ko kahan dhunro bande

O FRIEND, WHERE DOST THOU SEEK ME?
LO! I AM BESIDE THEE.
I AM NEITHER IN TEMPLE NOR IN MOSQUE: I AM NEITHER IN KAABA NOR IN KAILASH:
NEITHER AM I IN RITES AND CEREMONIES, NOR IN YOGA AND RENUNCIATION.
IF THOU ART A TRUE SEEKER, THOU SHALT AT ONCE SEE ME: THOU SHALT MEET ME IN A MOMENT OF TIME.
KABIR SAYS: "O FRIEND! GOD IS THE BREATH OF ALL BREATH."

I. 57. sadho bhai, jivat hi karo asa

O FRIEND! HOPE FOR HIM WHILST YOU LIVE, KNOW WHILST YOU LIVE, UNDERSTAND WHILST YOU LIVE: FOR IN LIFE DELIVERANCE ABIDES.
IF YOUR BONDS BE NOT BROKEN WHILST LIVING, WHAT HOPE OF DELIVERANCE IN DEATH?
IT IS BUT AN EMPTY DREAM, THAT THE SOUL SHALL HAVE UNION WITH HIM BECAUSE IT HAS PASSED FROM THE BODY.
IF HE IS FOUND NOW, HE IS FOUND THEN,
IF NOT, WE DO BUT GO TO DWELL IN THE CITY OF DEATH.
IF YOU HAVE UNION NOW, YOU SHALL HAVE IT HEREAFTER.

BATHE IN THE TRUTH, KNOW THE TRUE GURU, HAVE FAITH IN THE TRUE NAME!
KABIR SAYS: "IT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE QUEST WHICH HELPS I AM THE SLAVE OF THIS SPIRIT OF THE QUEST."

HERE I GO AGAIN -- I will sing the same old song. But yet it is not the same old song; it cannot be. Manu says there is nothing new under the sun. And he is right

And Heraclitus says you cannot step in the same river twice. And he is right too. Existence is old and new, both together, and my song is that of existence itself. I am just a vehicle to sing it to you, to spread it to you. But I am not the singer; I am just a passage. Remember it: it may look the same, but yet it is not the same. Words may be the same, the appearance may be the same, but something vital goes on continuously changing. Have you ever come across the same morning again? Have you ever seen the same sky again? And yet the sky is the same and the sun is the same.
Manu and Heraclitus both are true together; taken separately they both are false. Life is a contradiction. Life is paradoxical. That's why it is so charming and so beautiful. It exists through the opposites. It is vast; it contains contradictions. It is new and old both. It is life and death both, together. So I say to you I will sing the same old song and yet it is not going to be the same. Listen attentively. Before we enter into the words of mystic poet Kabir, it will be good to know something about Kabir. Much is not known -- fortunately -- because when you know too much about the person, it creates more complexities in understanding him. When you don't know anything about the person himself, then there is less complexity. That's why in the East it has been one of the most cherished old

traditions not to say much about the mystics, so that it never hinders people.

We don't know much about Krishna and we don't know much about Buddha; or all that we know about them is more mythological than historical, not true, fictitious. But about Kabir, even fiction does not exist. And he is not very ancient, yet he lived in such a way that he has effaced himself completely. He has not left any marks.
Only politicians leave marks on time -- only politicians are that foolish. The mystics live in the timeless. They don't leave any marks in time, they don't leave any signatures on time. They don't believe in signing on the sand of time. They know it will be effaced, so there is no point in it.
Kabir has not said much about himself, nothing much is known about him. Not even this much is known -- whether he was a Hindu or a Mohammedan. The story goes that he was born a Mohammedan but was brought up by a Hindu. And this is beautiful; this is how it should be. Hence his richness. He has the heritage of two rich traditions: Hindu and Mohammedan. If you are just a Hindu, of course, you are poor. If you are just a Mohammedan you are poor. Look at my richness. I am a Hindu and a Mohammedan and a Christian and a Sikh and a Parsi. Not only that, I am a theist and I am an atheist too. I claim the whole heritage of humanity. I claim all; I don't reject anything. From Charvakas to Buddhas, I claim all. The whole humanity is yours, the whole evolution of human consciousness is yours, but you are so miserly.

Somebody has become a Hindu; he claims only a corner -- and lives in that corner, crippled and paralyzed. In fact, the corner is so narrow you cannot move. It is not spacious enough. A religious person will claim all -- Buddha, Mahavir, Christ, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu, Nanak, Kabir, etc., etc. He will claim ALL. They are all part of me; they are all part of you. Whatsoever has happened to human consciousness, you

carry the seeds of it in you.
This is the one thing to be understood about Kabir: that he was born as a Mohammedan and brought up by a Hindu. And it never became conclusive to whom he had really belonged. Even at the time when he was dying it was a dispute among his disciples. The Hindus were claiming his body, the Mohammedans were claiming his body, and there is a beautiful parable about it. Kabir had left a message about his death. He knew it was going to happen -- people are foolish, they will claim the body and there is going to be conflict -- so he had left a message: "If there is any conflict, just cover my body with a sheet and wait, and the decision will come." And the story says that the body was covered and the Hindus started praying and the Mohammedans started praying and then the cover was removed, and Kabir had disappeared -- only a few flowers were there. Those flowers were divided.
Even disciples are stupid.
This parable is beautiful.

I call it a parable, I don't say it really happened, but it shows something. A man like Kabir has already disappeared. He is not in his body. He is in his inner flowering. His SAHASRAR, his one-thousand-petaled lotus, has flowered. You are in the body only to a certain extent. The body has a certain function to fulfill; the function is that of consciousness flowering. Once the consciousness has flowered, the body is nonexistential. It does not matter whether it exists or not. It is simply irrelevant.
The parable is beautiful. When they removed the cover there were only a few flowers left. Kabir is a flowering. Only a few flowers were left. And the stupid disciples even then wouldn't understand. They divided the flowers.
Remember one thing: all ideologies are dangerous. They divide people. You become a Hindu, you become a Mohammedan, you become a Jaina, a Christian: you are divided. All ideologies create conflict. All ideologies are

violent. A real man of understanding has no ideology; then he is undivided, then he is one with the whole of humanity. Not only that, he is one with the whole of existence. A real man of understanding is a flowering. This flowering we will be discussing.
These songs of Kabir are tremendously beautiful. He is a poet; he is not a philosopher. He has not created a system. He is not a theoretician or a theologian. He is not interested in doctrines, in scriptures.

His whole interest is in how to flower and become a god. His whole effort is how to make you more loving, more alert.
It is not a question of learning much. On the contrary, it is a question of unlearning much. In that way he is very rare. Buddha, Mahavir, Krishna, Ram, they are very special people. They were all kings, and they were well-educated, well-cultured. Kabir is a nobody, a man of the masses, very poor, very ordinary, with no education at all, with no culture. And that is his rarity. Why do I call it his rarity? Because to be ordinary in the world is the most extraordinary thing. He was very ordinary -- and he remained ordinary.
The natural desire of the human mind is to become special -- to become special in the ways of the world, to have many degrees, to have much political power, to have money, wealth -- to be special. The mind is always ready to go on some ego trip. And if you are fed up with the world, then again the ego starts finding new ways and new means to enhance itself -- it becomes spiritual. You become a great mahatma, a great sage, a great scholar, a man of knowledge, a man of renunciation; again you are special. Unless the desire to be special disappears, you will never be special. Unless you relax into your ordinariness, you will never relax.
The really spiritual person is one who is absolutely ordinary. Kabir is very normal.

You would not have been able to find him in a crowd. His speciality is not outward. You cannot just find him by looking at his face. It is difficult. Buddha was special, a very beautiful man, a charismatic personality. Jesus is very special, throbbing with revolution, rebellion. But Kabir? Kabir is absolutely ordinary, a normal person.
Remember, when I say normal, I don't mean the average. The average is not the normal. The average is only "normally" abnormal; he is "as mad" as all others are. In fact, in the world, normal persons don't exist.
I have heard:

A famous psychiatrist conducting a university course in psychopathology was asked by a student, "Doctor, you have told us about the abnormal person and his behavior, but what about the normal person?"
The doctor was a little puzzled, and then he said, "In my whole life I have never come across a normal person. But if we ever find him, we will cure him!"

Kabir is really that normal person that you never come across in life, with no desire to be special. When he became enlightened, then too he remained in his ordinary life. He was a weaver; he continued to weave.
His disciples started growing in numbers -- hundreds, and then thousands, and then many more thousands were coming to him. And they will always ask him to stop weaving clothes -- "There is no need.

We will take care of you." But he will laugh and he will say, "It is better to continue as God has willed me. I have no desire to be anything else. Let me be whatsoever I am, whatsoever God wants me to be. If he wants me to be a weaver, that's why I am a weaver. I was born a weaver, and I will die as a weaver."
He continued in his ordinary way. He will go to the marketplace to sell his goods. He will carry water from the

well. He lived very, very ordinarily. That is one of the most significant things to be understood. He never claimed that he is a man of knowledge -- because no man of knowledge ever claims it. To know is to know that to know is not to know and that not to know is to know. A real man of understanding knows that he does not know at all. His ignorance is profound. And out of this ignorance arises innocence. When you know, you become cunning. When you know, you become clever. When you know, you lose that innocence of childhood.

Kabir says he is ignorant, he does not know anything. And this has to be understood, because this will make the background in your mind for his poetry. From where is this poetry coming? It is coming out of his innocence, flowering out of his innocence. He says he does not know.

Have you ever observed the fact that in life we go on claiming that we know, but we don't know? What do you know? Have you known anything, ever? If I ask why the trees are green, will you be able to answer it? Yes, the best answer that I have heard is from D.

H. Lawrence. A small child was walking with him in a garden and the child asked -- as children are prone to ask -- "Why are the trees green?" D.H. Lawrence looked at the trees, looked into the eyes of the child, and said, "They are green because they are green." That's the truest answer ever given. What else can you say? Whatsoever else you say will be foolish; it will not make any sense. You can say trees are green because of chlorophyll, but why is chlorophyll green? The question remains the same. I ask you one question, you give me an answer, but the question is not really answered.

You have lived with a woman for thirty years, and you call her your wife, or with a man, for fifty years; do you know the man or the woman? A child is born to you; do you know him? Have you looked into his eyes? Can you claim that you know him? What do you know? Do you know a piece of

rock? Yes, scientists will give many explanations, but they don't become knowledge. They will say electrons and protons and neutrons. But what is an electron? And they shrug their shoulders; they say, "We don't know." They say, "We don't know YET," in the hope that someday they will be able to know. No, they will never be able to know, because first they said, "The rock is made of atoms," and when it was asked what is an atom, they said, "We don't know yet." Then they said, "The atom consists of electrons." Now we ask what is an electron; they say, "We don't know yet."

Someday they will say the electron consists of this and that, X, Y, Z; but that doesn't make any difference. The ultimate remains irreducible to knowledge. The ultimate remains a mystery.

If the ultimate is a mystery, then life becomes a life of wonder. If the ultimate is not known, then poetry arises. If the ultimate is known -- or you THINK that it is known -- then philosophy arises. That is the difference between philosophy and poetry.

And Kabir's approach is that of a poet, of a lover, of one who is absolutely wondering what it is all about. Not knowing it, he sings a song. Not knowing it, he becomes prayerful. Not knowing it, he bows down. The poet's approach is not that of explanation. It is that of exclamation. He says, "Aha, Aha! So here is the mystery."

And wherever you find mystery there is God. The more you know, the less you will be aware of God; the less you know, the closer God will be to you. If you don't know anything, if you can say with absolute confidence, "I don't know," if this "I don't know" comes from the deepest core of your being, then God will be in your very core, in the very beat of your heart. And then poetry arises... then one falls in love with this tremendous mystery that surrounds you.

That love is religion. Religion is not after any explanations.

Religion is not a quest for the explanation. Rather, it is an exploration of love, a nonending journey into love.

I invite you to come with me into the innermost realm of this madman Kabir. Yes, he was a madman -- all religious people are. Mad, because they don't trust reason. Mad, because they love life. Mad, because they can dance and they can sing. Mad, because to them life is not a question, not a problem to be solved but a mystery into which one has to dissolve oneself.
One thing more about Kabir's approach. He is life-affirmative. That too is an indication of a real man of understanding. There are two types of people in the world: the people who indulge and the people who renounce. They Look opposite to each other but they are not. They are two aspects of the same coin. The people who indulge are continuously frustrated because no indulgence brings you to joy. You can indulge -- you can waste your life, you can waste your opportunity, your energy -- but no enjoyment ever comes out of indulgence. If indulgence could have given joy, then nobody would ever have renounced. People renounce because indulgence fails -- but then they are moving to the other extreme. Thinking that indulgence has not helped, they move to the opposite. They become against life, they become antilife, they become life-negative. They start destroying their being; they become suicidal. These are the two types of people you will find. In the market you will find the people who indulge, and in the monasteries you will find the people who renounce.

Kabir belongs to neither. A real man of understanding is a great synthesis. He knows that it is not a question of indulgence or renunciation; it is a question of awareness. Be in the world, but be with awareness. Don't go anywhere,

don't have antagonistic attitudes towards life. Kabir is tremendously life-affirmative. He loved, he had a wife, he had two children, and he lived the life of a householder... and yet was one of the greatest seers of the world. He lived in the world and remained untouched. That's his beauty. He is a lotus flower.
If you go to your so-called mahatmas, they create antagonism towards life; they make you life-negative. They teach you that life is the enemy, it is evil. They make you feel as if God and life are contraries, you can't have both. Kabir says you can have both, because life and God are not enemies. Life is God manifest; God is life unmanifest. God and life are one force, one energy, one movement. When God is not visible he is God;when he becomes visible he is Life. And this goes on continuously -- he becomes visible, he becomes invisible. It is like breathing: you breathe out, you breathe in.
The old Indian scriptures say that existence is when God breathes out, and when God breathes in there is nonexistence. The whole of existence disappears when he breathes in; when he breathes out, the whole of existence appears. It is one breath going in and out.

When God breathes out, you are born; when he breathes in, you disappear in death.
But you never leave God. The outgoing breath is as much his as the ingoing breath. And one has to understand this dynamism, this dialectics. Kabir is neither for the world nor for renunciation.
And his assertions are very simple, down to earth. He is not dramatic. He is not a preacher. And he is not worried whether you are impressed by him or not. He simply relates whatsoever he has experienced. He never exaggerates. He never proves his assertions through any logic. He simply asserts; they are pure statements.

I have heard a beautiful story concerning a young pastor

who had dabbled with the theater before entering divinity school, and wanted to give his first sermon in a new church a dramatic send-off. Noticing that there was a scuttle in the roof above the pulpit, he deliberately chose as his text "The Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove," then arranged to have the sexton open the scuttle at just the right moment, releasing a white dove which the pastor had trained to light on his shoulder.
On the evening of the service, he led carefully up to his climax, intoning, "And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove" -- but nothing happened. Louder -- and angrily -- he repeated his text -- with which the scuttle door opened slightly and the voice of the sexton was heard by the whole congregation, wheezing, "Your Reverence, the cat ate up the Holy Ghost.

Shall I let down the cat?"

Kabir is not dramatic at all. His assertions are simple. His assertions are just from his heart. He is not scholarly either. His poetry is pure, uncontaminated by scripture. His poetry can be understood by anyone who is innocent enough.
So in the beginning of the journey I would like to say to you, be innocent; only then will you be able to understand Kabir. Don't bring your mind in, don't start arguing with him, because he is not a logician. When you go to see a painting you don't argue with the painting. You enjoy it. When you go to listen to a musician playing on his guitar you don't argue. When you go to a poet you don't argue. You listen to the poetry; there is no argument in your head.

But about religion, there is difficulty. When you come to listen to a religious person you argue. And the responsibility lies with the so-called religious people themselves because they have been arguing. There have been foolish people who have even tried to prove God

through argument. As if God depends on your argument. As if, if you cannot argue, he will not be able to be there; he will become nonexistential. As if God is a syllogism. Kabir is not going to give you any argument. His assertions are just like the Upanishads' or Mohammed's assertions in the Koran or Jesus' assertions in the Bible -- just statements. He feels.

.. he sings about his feeling. Please feel him. There is no question of your head. Put your heads aside.
There are people for whom it is very difficult to put their head aside. They have completely forgotten how to put it aside. It is always on top of them -- chattering, arguing, choosing, rejecting, accepting, valuing, judging, condemning -- "Yes, this is according to me, and this is not according to me."
There is no need for God to be according to you. He is not obliged to be according to you. If you want to understand, you will have to silence your mind. Listen to Kabir as one listens to poetry; he is a poet.

I have heard about a lad who was such a mathematical wizard that at the age of twelve he could do calculations in his head that had stumped Albert Einstein when he was forty. Unfortunately, this prodigy was so involved in equations that he had no time for anything else. He was getting, by and by, crazy. The family was very much concerned. In an attempt to divert him, his parents took him to an all-star revival of PETER PAN -- and were delighted to note that he was utterly engrossed throughout the first act.
At the intermission, his father said cheerfully, "Well, son, I see you are enjoying the play."
"Do you know," answered the son, "there were 71,832 words in that act?"

Now this is no way to enjoy.

So don't listen to the words. Listen to the silence that surrounds the words. Don't listen to the words. Listen to the poetry that surrounds the words, listen to the rhythm, the song. Listen to Kabir's celebration. He is not here to preach anything to you. He is like a cherry tree. In the fullmoon night the cherry tree has blossomed. Flowers have no arguments; they are simply there. This is an explosion. Kabir has burst into songs.
And these are the two possibilities: whenever enlightenment happens, either a person becomes absolutely silent or he bursts into song. These are the two possibilities. When Meher Baba attained he became silent. Then his whole life he remained silent. When Meera attained she started dancing and singing. These are the two possibilities: either one becomes absolutely silent or one's whole life becomes a song. Kabir's life is that of song.

But remember, in his song there is silence. And always remember also, in Meher Baba or people like that there is song in their silence. If you listen attentively to Meher Baba's silence, you will be full of a song, you will feel it showering on you. And if you listen to Kabir silently, you will see that his song is nothing but a message for silence.

O FRIEND, WHERE DOST THOU SEEK ME?
LO! I AM BESIDE THEE.

Kabir says don't seek God somewhere else; he is just beside you.

Don't look for him far away. That will be the way -- sure way -- to miss him. He is very close by. In fact to say he is close is not right, because "closeness" also shows distance. He is just within you -- he is YOU! You have never departed from him, you cannot depart from him; he is your nature. Right this moment he is inside you. Looking at me, HE is

looking at me. Listening to me, HE is listening to me.
Once you relax you will know. Tense, you become an ego; relaxed, the ego disappears. Tense, you become cut off; relaxed again, you are no longer frozen -- melting, you dissolve into the ocean.
Right now, these are the two possibilities: either you can be an iceberg, frozen, floating in the ocean, feeling that you are separate; or you can melt and become one with the ocean. That's all. When you think you ARE, you become frozen, blocked, your energy stops moving -- you demark yourself, you create a definition for yourself. That very definition becomes your barrier.

O Friend, where dost thou seek Me?
Lo! I am beside thee.

I AM NEITHER IN TEMPLE NOR IN MOSQUE:
I AM NEITHER IN KAABA NOR IN KAILASH.

So don't go away for long pilgrimages. God has already happened. You are carrying him from the very beginning; you have never lost track of him. You may have forgotten, you may have become completely oblivious, you may not be able to remember who you are, but still you are God.

I am neither in temple nor in mosque:
I am neither in Kaaba nor in Kailash:

NEITHER AM I IN RITES AND CEREMONIES,
NOR IN YOGA AND RENUNCIATION.

Neither in rites and ceremonies.... Religion deteriorates into rituals. When a religion is dead, it becomes ritualistic. When a religion is alive, it remains spontaneous. If you want to pray, let it be spontaneous. Don't repeat rituals;

otherwise it is futile, it is meaningless, you are wasting time. If you get up every day -- a particular time, a particular prayer, a particular way to do it, and you repeat it in a mechanical way, you will never come to know what prayer is.
Prayer has not really to be done. It has only to be allowed. Sitting silently, looking at the trees, suddenly it is there. Sometimes it comes; sometimes it does not come. It is not within your power to drag it. A prayer dragged is no longer prayer. Prayer is like love: sometimes it is there and sometimes it is not there. And you are helpless, you cannot do anything about it when it is not there. Or can you do something? You can pretend. You can show that you are very loving and you know deep down there is no love. You will be false, you will not be authentic. And if you get accustomed to this, by and by you will forget what real love is. You will become accustomed to the pseudo, to the pretended, to the false.

If you watch you will see sometimes like a breeze it comes. Right now there is no breeze and the trees are silent. What can they do? They wait. When the breeze comes they will dance. They don't have a ritual. They don't say, "Now it is morning and it is time to dance, and where is the breeze?" and if it is not coming, "Then we will try on our own -- we will do some yoga posture, we will perform some ritual, we will do some exercises and somehow sway." No, they don't bother. They wait. Look, they are waiting. When the breeze comes they will dance. Prayer is like that: it comes. It comes without ever giving you any indication that it is coming.
So remain available. Sometimes sitting in your bed in the night, suddenly it is there -- the whole room becomes full of some unknown presence. Not that you can do anything about it. It is there. You can enjoy, you can be joyful, you can delight in it. You can dance; the breeze has come. You

can sway, you can sing a song.
And let that song also be of the heart, of this moment.
There is no need to repeat anything from somebody else.
There is no need to cram anything. There is no need to repeat the Christian or the Hindu prayer. They are all false.
The real prayer simply arises. Sometimes it may be silent.
You may not say anything, not even a thank you. And sometimes you may like to talk to God. You may even sometimes like to fight with him.

Sometimes one is angry; then what to do? And sometimes one is very, very worshipful, and one bows down. And sometimes one says to God, "Okay, you are here, but I am not in a mood to talk to you. So as I wait for you, you will have to wait for me." The ways of love are very mysterious -- and God will understand.
Let your prayer be very spontaneous, very real. If anger is there, what else can you offer to him? Offer anger. If love is there, offer love. But whatsoever is there, offer, and never pretend something which is not there -- and God will understand. God is nothing but a tremendous understanding that existence shows towards you. But if you are false, then you are trying to deceive, and you cannot deceive existence. That is not possible. You can deceive only yourself. And you will go on piling up deceptions upon deceptions around you, and you will be choked, suffocated in your own deceptions -- you will die under the burden of your own deceptions.
"I AM NEITHER IN TEMPLE NOR IN MOSQUE: 1AM NEITHER IN KAABA NOR IN KAILASH. NEITHER AM I IN RITES AND CEREMONIES, NOR IN YOGA AND RENUNCIATION." SO don't go anywhere. Just be wherever you are, and be true and be authentic and be spontaneous.

IF THOU ART A TRUE SEEKER, THOU SHALT AT ONCE SEE ME:

"IF THOU ART A TRUE SEEKER...." If the passion is there, if the intensity is there, if the urgency is there, then there is no problem.

Try to understand this.
The emphasis of Kabir is on the urgency, on the tremendous desire. It is not a question of rituals. You can be a perfect ritualist, but you will miss. It is a question of intensity, passion. If passionately you cry for him, immediately you will know he is there. If your passion is fiery, you will never miss him. If you miss him then know only one thing: your passion is not yet enough. You are calling him halfheartedly.
People come to me and they say, "Where is God? We cannot see him." I look at them and I inquire, "Do you really want to seek him, REALLY? Close your eyes," I say to them, "and look into your heart. Are you really in passionate love with God? You really want to see him?" And they say, "Not really." Then how do you suppose to know him?
God -- I have seen so many people's hearts -- is the last item on their list. There are other things to do first. When all is done, then comes God. He is always the last in the queue. And, of course, the queue is never going to end. God will never be the first this way, because in the world nothing ever is completed. You do one thing; a thousand and one things arise out of it and you go on getting more and more entangled in the world and the queue becomes bigger and bigger and God is forced farther back, farther back. And then you want to see him. No, it is not possible. Only the eyes of tremendous intensity can see him.

The third eye is not really a third eye. It is just a passionate desire -- so passionate that you are ready to sacrifice your life. If God says, "I can be seen if you sacrifice yourself," you will not think even for a single moment. You will drop dead. You will say, "Okay, I am

ready to die, but I am not ready to lose you." This urgency is what makes a religious person.
"IF THOU ART A TRUE SEEKER, THOU SHALT AT ONCE SEE ME." At once. Immediately. In a split second.

... THOU SHALT MEET ME IN A MOMENT OF TIME.

KABIR SAYS: "O FRIEND! GOD IS THE BREATH OF ALL BREATH."

God is life itself. God is not some faraway goal. God is like the ocean and we are like the fish. And Kabir has said in another reference, "I laugh when I see the fish thirsty in the ocean. I laugh. I cannot believe, I cannot trust how it is possible. The fish is in the ocean, and thirsty? And asking where is the ocean!" We live in the ocean of God. God is life energy. He surrounds you, he surrounds everything. Everything exists in him -- exists LIKE him. There is no other way of existing.
But there have been many people who have talked about God without knowing anything about him. They have created many problems. They have created unnecessary anxieties. There are people who talk about God as an inference, not as an experience. They have not known him; they infer.

They think about it, they feel that God is needed; it is a necessary hypothesis. Without it they find it difficult to explain existence, so they accept it.
But God is not a hypothesis. Please, it is good to be an atheist, not to believe in God, but never believe in the hypothesis of God, because an atheist someday may turn into a theist, but a man who believes in the necessity of God, as a hypothesis, will never become religious. From the very beginning he has taken a wrong step. An atheist who says there is no God at least is interested in God -- and cannot rest, because nobody can rest in a no. Nobody can

rest in a negative. That's why an atheist continuously thinks, continuously thinks....
I came across an old man, he is an atheist, and he said, "I am eighty years old, and at least for sixty years consciously I have been an atheist and I have been denying that there is God." I said, "This is foolish -- to waste sixty years in denying God. If he is not, he is not. Be finished."
Sixty years of wasting. And he is a very militant atheist. He goes around the country telling people that there is no God. I said, "Are you mad? If he is not, why are you so worried? Be finished with him. Sixty years continuously, your whole life.... Now you are eighty years old, any day death will come -- you wasted your whole life for something which is not."
He became a little worried about it.

He said, "Yes, but nobody told me. You make me very afraid. Yes, that's true -- sixty years." I told him, "Even six minutes of so much intensity would have been enough to know whether God really is or not. Eighty years you have tried. And you are very argumentative, and I am not going to argue with you, there is no point in it. I would like to say only one thing -- one thing is certain about you -- that deep in the unconscious you are still seeking and you are not satisfied with your no. If you were satisfied you would have enjoyed, you would have lived your life. Why bother about a nonentity? But you are not satisfied, because nobody can be satisfied with a no."
This has to be understood: satisfaction comes only out of yes. Satisfaction comes only out of tremendous positivity.
God is nothing but a deep yes towards existence.
But there are people who have logically concluded either God is or God is not. Both are useless. They don't have any experience.

I have heard about a lecturer who built up a great reputation as an expert on child education, though he

never had married himself. The title of his lectures was "Ten Commandments for Parents." Then he met the girl of his dreams, married her, and became a father. Shortly thereafter he changed the title of his talk to "Ten Hints for Parents." He was blessed with a second offspring -- and his talk was relabeled "A Few Tentative Suggestions for Parents."

When his third child arrived, he quit lecturing altogether.

Only experience can be decisive. It is very easy to talk to others about how to be a good parent. It is very difficult to become a good parent. It is very easy to counsel other people how they should manage their marriage....
One day a man came to me from America -- he is a marriage counselor -- and he said, "I am a marriage counselor, and I have come here because there are many problems in my married life." I said, "You are a marriage counselor?" He said, "Yes, I am. That's why I have come here, because in America I am very well-known and I cannot go to any other marriage counselor."
You will find many psychiatrists, psychologists, psychotherapists, amongst my sannyasins. They have been helping other people -- not knowing what is what. They have helped too many people. And when I look into them I see they are in tremendous need of help. Then I become worried about the people they have been helping!
Remember, only experience can be decisive.
Have you heard the famous anecdote about Jalaluddin Rumi, a Sufi mystic? A woman came with a child, and the woman said, "Maulana, Master, I have tried every way and this child won't listen. He eats too much sugar. And I know now only one way is possible: if you say something to him, he will listen, because he respects you.

He does not understand what you are and who you are, but he respects you. And when I told him, 'Come with me to Maulana,' he said, 'Okay, if he says, I will stop.'"
Maulana looked at the child, at his trust. He said, "Wait, come after three weeks." The woman was puzzled. Such a simple thing. And Maulana is known all over the world. People come from faraway countries to ask him great problems, and he solves them immediately -- and such a silly thing. He could have said, "Yes, don't eat," and the thing would have been closed. Three weeks? After three weeks the mother came with the child, and Maulana said, "Wait three weeks more." The mother said, "What is the matter?" He said, "Wait, come after three weeks."
When they came back, he said to the child, "Okay, listen. Stop eating sugar." The child said, "Okay, I will stop."
The mother said, "Now one question arises in my heart -- and I will not be at rest. Why did you take six weeks for this?"
Maulana said, "I like sugar myself. So how can I advise this child? That would have been untrue. So for three weeks I tried -- and I failed! Then for three weeks I tried again, and now I have succeeded. Now I can say, 'Please, you can also stop. Look, I am an old man -- even I can stop. You are a child, a young child; you can do anything.'"
"Now I can say...." This is the way of the mystics; this has always been their way.

They believe in experience. Whatsoever Kabir says is based, rooted, in his experience.
There are people who go on arguing, debating whether God is or not, whether the soul exists after death or not, whether there is heaven or hell or not. These are foolish things, stupid, a wastage of time. Kabir is not interested in such concepts.
I have heard a beautiful story; Cleveland Amory tells it:

He tells about the time when Newport, Rhode Island, was

the summer mecca of high society. An elegant gentleman and his wife were lounging on the beach when an unfortunate who had ventured too far out in the surf suddenly began to shout "Sauvez-moi! Sauvez-moi!" "That fellow," pronounced the elegant gentleman, "is either a Frenchman or a snob." While the two of them debated the proposition, the shouts ceased, for the swimmer obligingly drowned.

Now the two, the couple, debated whether he is a snob or a Frenchman, because only two persons speak French -- the French or the snob -- and rather than simply saying "Save me!" he says "Sauvez-moi!" So who is he? Nobody is bothered about saving him, though who he is can be decided later on.
Buddha used to say to his disciples, "I have heard about a man who was shot with an arrow and was dying, but he was a philosopher. A physician came, and the physician wanted to pull out the arrow, but the philosopher said, 'Wait.

First things first. Who has tried to kill me? I must know whether he is a friend or an enemy, whether the arrow has been deliberately used against me or just by accident, whether the arrow is poisoned or not poisoned.' The physician said, 'I know you are a great philosopher, but please keep your philosophy away from you right now. Let me pull out the arrow first; otherwise you are creating such problems, they will not be decided, and the arrow will kill you.' The philosopher said, 'Do you believe in the soul? Does the soul survive after the man dies? First things first!' The physician said, 'You are a fool! These are not first things! Now the first thing is how to pull out this arrow. These things you can decide later on.'"
Kabir is not interested in doctrines, philosophies. He says this life is divine -- don't bother about heaven and hell. Don't think about faraway subjects; be realistic; be

existential.

O FRIEND! HOPE FOR HIM WHILST YOU LIVE; KNOW WHILST YOU LIVE, UNDERSTAND WHILST YOU LIVE: FOR IN LIFE DELIVERANCE ABIDES.

Don't talk about what happens after death and don't think about a god who sits somewhere in a high throne in the skies: "... FOR IN LIFE DELIVERANCE ABIDES" -- in life there is liberation. Life itself is a liberating experience. If you live totally, it liberates.

IF YOUR BONDS BE NOT BROKEN WHILST LIVING, WHAT HOPE OF DELIVERANCE IN DEATH?

So be here-now! Do something right now!

IT IS BUT AN EMPTY DREAM, THAT THE SOUL SHALL HAVE UNION
WITH HIM BECAUSE IT HAS PASSED FROM THE BODY:
IF HE IS FOUND NOW, HE IS FOUND THEN,
IF NOT, WE DO BUT GO TO DWELL IN THE CITY OF DEATH.

"IF HE IS FOUND NOW, HE IS FOUND THEN.... " Now or never. Let this message get roots into your hearts: now or never. God is now-here. Your clever mind tries to postpone. You say, "We will see; when death comes and when we go and encounter God, we will see. Right now there is no problem." No, the problem is right now.
Are you living God right now or not? That is the problem. If you are not living him right now, you will never be able to live him, because he is here. He is always in the present -- never in the past, never in the future. This moment is his abode. Enjoy him, delight in him this moment. So whatsoever you are doing, let it be worship; whatsoever

you are doing, let it be prayerful; whatsoever you are doing, do it lovingly.

IF YOU HAVE UNION NOW, YOU SHALL HAVE IT HEREAFTER.

So Kabir believes in life, not in God. Life is God. And let me say: life with a small "l" not a capital "L." Life is God, with a lowercase "l" -- the very ordinary life -- sleeping, aking, eating, walking, loving, serving people. This ordinary life, with a lowercase "l" is God. If you cannot find him in this ordinary life you will never find him anywhere else.
Love, and love so deeply that you can find God in your lover. Be a friend, and be so friendly that you can find him in your friend. Wherever you can be totally, he will be there.

Your being totally in something is the door.
But the mind is ambitious; it lives in the future. The mind is egoistic; it does not relax in the present; it has great plans for the future. The mind always thinks of how to become somebody, and the problem is that you are already that which can satisfy you. You need not become it; you are it. God is your being. It is not a question of becoming. But the mind is political and is interested only in becoming -- become this, become that.
I have heard, once Adolf Hitler went to a very wise old rabbi, and he said to the rabbi, "I have heard that you are a great mystic. I don't believe in such nonsense, and I am going to kill you -- unless you can help me to have a revelation from God. If you are really a mystic, then do the miracle. Can you help me to have a revelation from God?"
The rabbi said, "Done and done! This very moment it can be done. You just go outside, stand on the street." Hitler said, "But it is raining." The rabbi said, "Don't be worried. You stand in the rain for fifteen minutes and look at the sky, and there will be a revelation."

Unwillingly... but Adolf Hitler thought, "What is dangerous in this? Let us try. At the most, I may get a cold, that's all; but let us try." And Hitler said, "Remember, if no revelation happens I am going to kill you." The rabbi said, "You go. It always happens; it has never failed me."

Hitler did as bidden, and came back soaked through to the skin.
"Look at me," he wailed. "I didn't get any revelation. I only felt like a blithering idiot."
"Not bad," chuckled the old rabbi. "Don't you think that was quite a revelation for a first try?"
The mind is stupid because the mind is a politician. All politics is stupid because the whole of politics consists of one thing: to become somebody. And the revelation of religion is that you need not become anybody; you are already that -- you are the suprememost. You are God himself. What more can you have? What more is possible? You cannot be improved upon.
Just the other night a woman was saying to me, "If somebody falls in life, what has to be done?" I told her, "Nobody can fall." She could not understand it; she thought I had not understood her problem. She said, "If somebody falls in life and has committed some sin, then how can he be helped?" I said, "Nobody can commit a sin." Sin is not possible. To fall is impossible. Deep down you remain the suprememost. Only on the periphery is there sin and virtue, good and bad, moral and immoral.
Mystics like Kabir don't come to teach you morality. They teach you religion. And the difference: morality again is politics. You try to improve yourself -- in moral ways. Your whole society is immoral, and in an immoral society you follow the society.

Whatsoever the society says is moral you try; the immoral society teaches you what morality is. In fact to fit in an immoral society is the greatest immorality possible. A

really moral person will be a misfit; it will be very difficult for him to fit in the society. So if you see your so-called moral people, respectable people, fitting in with the society, know well, they are in deep immorality. They are tricky, pretenders, hypocrites.
But one thing: moral or immoral, they are all on the surface. Deep down you remain always in your suprememost state. You are gods and goddesses. To recognize this fact and to start living it is what religion is.
I am not saying to you become immoral. I am saying if you become religious, morality follows like a shadow. And that will be true morality; it will not be just a morality imposed by the immoral society on you. It will be true morality, that flows out of your innermost core. It will not be a character; it will be an overflowing of your being. It will not be a dead structure around you. You will be flowing, you will live moment to moment with awareness, spontaneity. You will be response-able.
Ordinarily, whatsoever you call moral is just repression and nothing else.

I have heard about a lady who was a paragon of virtue on earth, but upon her death was dismayed to find herself in hell. She phoned St.

Peter, who begged her to be patient, because heaven was temporarily so overbooked he could not make room for her.
Two weeks later she buzzed St. Peter again, warning him that they were teaching her to drink and smoke -- "These people here are very dangerous and the temptation is great and I am afraid." Patience and fortitude, counseled St. Peter; he would soon be able to accommodate her -- but not just yet.
A fortnight later, the paragon of virtue made a final call: "Hi there, Pete? Forget all about it! And if you really want to enjoy, come here. This is the place."

The people you think are moral are just repressed people, egoistic, carrying all sorts of repressed desires in them. Once an opportunity is given to them, they will explode. Out of fear and out of greed they have repressed themselves. They are not really moral. Only a religious person is moral.
Ordinarily you have been told, "Become moral if you want to become religious." I tell you just the contrary: "Be religious, and you will be moral." If you try to be moral you may become moral, but you will never be religious -- and your morality will be just pseudo. From where will you learn the morality? From the immoral society. From where will it come to you? From the same rotten structure. No, it cannot be moral. First become religious.
Says Jesus, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and then all else will be added unto you."

The same I say to you, and the same is the teaching of Kabir. Live here-now as totally as possible, as fully alert as possible, and as lovingly as possible; and all else will be added unto you.

If He is found now, He is found then,
If not, we do but go to dwell in the City of Death.
If you have union now, you shall have it hereafter.

BATHE IN THE TRUTH....

Now. Bathe in the truth now. It is showering.

A handsome but bashful young man from the Bible Belt was recently hired by a firm of certified accountants. Shortly thereafter, he reported to the office manager, "I must tell you that some of the young ladies in your employ are tempting me sorely." "Stand firm, young man," the startled manager told him, resisting a smile, "and you will

get your reward in heaven."
A week later the young man came back. "It is that beautiful redhead, sir. She is pursuing me relentlessly. I don't think I can resist her -- but if I do, what do you think my reward will be in heaven?" The office manager informed him, "A bale of hay, you jackass!"

Don't avoid life. Otherwise in heaven suddenly you will be surprised when you find a bale of hay as your reward. The reward is here. The reward is love. The reward is in totality. The reward is being one with life. Each moment is so precious, and each moment brings such precious rewards, you just enjoy it.

Get lost in it. Be drunk with life, and there is reward. Bathe in the truth -- now.

... KNOW THE TRUE GURU,

What does he mean by the true guru? Kabir means life itself is the guru, existence itself is the guru. When life calls you, don't remain frozen. Listen to the call, be adventurous, and go on the unknown, uncharted ways of life.

... HAVE FAITH IN THE TRUE NAME!

What is the true name of God? Nobody knows. The true name cannot be known -- and all the names that are known are coined by man. If you really want to understand, then this whole existence that surrounds you is his true name, his true address. He is spread all over.
Listen to life, listen to its call, listen to its great temptation, listen to its invocation, listen to its challenge and be courageous, and each moment God will be revealed to you. In intense passion, in intense love, in intense awareness, he is always revealed.

KABIR SAYS. "LT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE QUEST WHICH HELPS.... "

Nothing else -- neither the mosque nor the temple nor the Koran nor the Bible nor the Veda. It is the spirit of the quest which helps. If you are really searching, you will find him. If you are not finding him, don't blame him. Just look within yourself: you don't want to seek him. You are playing with the name of God.

You are afraid, you are a coward.
Unless a man is religious he remains a coward. Only a religious man is courageous, because he goes on the most uncharted journey -- without any maps and without any paths -- and nobody to lead you! Nobody is there in front of you to lead you! -- only life... and life never shouts, it only whispers. Unless you are very attentive, tuned in, and turned on, you will not be able to understand the little, small, still voice. It is the guru, it is the Master.
If you find a man and you feel that you have found your Master, that simply shows that in his voice, in his being, there is a reflection of that still, small voice of God. The guru outside you is but a mirror. He reflects you, reflects God. And the real Master will throw you back to yourself. The real guru will not bind you to himself, because the real guru is life itself, the real guru is God himself.

"... I AM THE SLAVE OF THIS SPIRIT OF THE QUEST."

And Kabir says, "I worship the man who has this spirit of quest, who is intensely in love with truth and who is ready to sacrifice everything for it."

A little story about a Zen Master:

A disciple asked the Master, "What is Buddha's truth?"

The Master said, "Why not ask about your own mind or self instead of somebody else's?"
"What then is my self, O Master?" asked the disciple.

"You have to see what is known as 'the secret act.'"
"What is 'the secret act'? Tell me, Master," asked the disciple.
The Master opened his eyes and closed them.

This is the secret act. Open your eyes and see him, and close your eyes and see him. He is within and without. Don't make a distinction between the inner and the outer, because in him there are no distinctions. He is the inner and he is the outer. The Master opened his eyes -- very indicative, very Zenlike; Kabir would have liked the story himself. The Master opened his eyes, looked at the world -- he said "life"; and closed his eyes -- and said "look within." The innermost and the outer.
If you can love the inner and the outer, if you can be aware of the outer and the inner, you have arrived. And this arrival can happen only now. Don't postpone it. Don't say tomorrow, because the tomorrow never comes.

THE END.

Chapter : 2:Sannyas: the radical revolution

Question 1
WHAT I MEAN BY SANNYAS IS A SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINE SO THAT ONE BECOMES A RELIGIOUS PERSON, BUT IT IS NOT HAPPENING TO ME. WHAT TO DO?

MY SANNYAS IS NOT A DISCIPLINE. My sannyas is freedom, freedom from all control -- even from self-control. A controlled man is a dead man. Whether you are controlled by others or by yourself does not make much difference.
My sannyas is spontaneity, living moment to moment without any prefabricated discipline, living with the unknown, not exactly knowing where you are going. Because if you know already where you are going you are dead. Then life runs in a mechanical way. A life should be a flow from the known towards the unknown. One should be dying each moment to the known so the unknown can penetrate you. And only the unknown liberates.
Discipline can never be of the unknown. Discipline has to be of the mind. The mind is your past. All that you have learned, all that you have been conditioned for, all that you have experienced, all that you have thought about -- this is your mind. Out of this mind comes a planning for the future. That planning for the future will be nothing but a repetition of the past. It comes out of the past; it cannot be anything else. Maybe a little modified here and there, decorated here and there, but there will be no radical revolution in it.
My sannyas is a radical revolution.

By giving you sannyas, I give you freedom. I give you courage to live without any planning, to live without mind,

to live without past. Of course it is dangerous, but life is dangerous. Only when you are dead, then there is no danger. Then you are safe -- safe in your grave. Safety never exists before that. If you want to be safe and secure and perfectly protected, insured against all dangers, then don't enter into sannyas. Enter into your grave. Then don't breathe, because breathing is dangerous. One day breathing is going to bring death to you. Breathing iS dangerous.

Life exists in danger, pulsates in danger. Life exists in the ocean of death. It has to be dangerous; it cannot be safe and secure. You are not a rock. You are a flower, you are fragile -- in the morning, laughing with the sun; by the evening, you are gone. How can life be secure? In its frailty, in its fragileness, how can you even conceive of insurance? No, there is no insurance, there cannot be.

And one should not live by the philosophy the insurance companies go on propagating. One should live with the danger, with death hand in hand. Then tremendous dimensions open before you. Then God is revealed.

God is very dangerous. There exists no other dangerous word comparable to God. God means to live a life of spontaneity, of nature. Don't try to corrupt your future. Let it be. Don't try to corrupt it, don't try to manage it.

Don't give it a mold and a form and a pattern.

Of course, if you live the way I teach, many things will disappear from your life. The first thing will be the security -- and it is a false thing. Only the false disappears with sannyas, not the real. The real starts appearing. The security will disappear. The marriage will disappear. Love will remain; love is real.

Let it be more clear: love can exist with sannyas, but not marriage, because marriage is an effort to give a pattern to love, to give a discipline to love, to give it a legal, social form. But what are you doing? How can you manage that which has not come yet? You can love a woman or a man,

and you can feel in this moment that you will love her always and always, but this is just a feeling of this moment. How can you promise? An authentic man will never promise. How can you promise for the future? How can you say really you will be able to love tomorrow too? If love disappears what will you do? And it appeared on its own accord, you have not brought it in, so when it disappears what will-you do? It comes and goes; it happens and disappears. It is not within your power; it is bigger than you. So when you say, "I will love you tomorrow too," what are you going to do? If love disappears you will pretend, you will substitute. That's what happens in a marriage. Then two dead persons living in a dead relationship go on quarreling, fighting, nagging each other, trying to dominate, manipulate, exploit, destroy.

Marriage is an ugly thing. Love is tremendously beautiful.
My sannyas is like love. The older sannyas was. more like marriage. My sannyas is simply a courage to face whatsoever is going to happen, without any rehearsal for it.

How can you prepare? The tomorrow is not known at all. Whatsoever you prepare is going to hinder; it will become a screen on your eyes and you will not be able to see what is. All preparation is dangerous. Remain unprepared. Then you will be excited, then each moment will be a joy and a wonder, and each moment will bring something new to you which has never happened, and you will never be bored. The life of marriage, the life of all discipline, is the life of boredom -- monotonous. Monogamy is monotony. You have to repeat the same. You are not free to explore new ways of being. You are not free to see new things. You are not free to experience new beauty, new truth. If you are disciplined, what does it mean? It simply means now you have a particular standpoint, your eyes are no longer open. You are a Christian; then you have a discipline. You are a

Hindu; then you have a discipline -- and a dogma, and your eyes are completely full of that dogma. Then you cannot see that which is.
I would like you to be totally uncontrolled. I would like you to be absolutely a chaos, with no order whatsoever.
And please don't misunderstand me.

There is every possibility, because when I say something I have to use words, and words are very much corrupted -- corrupted by you, corrupted by usage, for centuries. When I say "chaos," you become afraid. But you don't know the beauty of chaos, and you don't know the spontaneous order of a chaos. You don't know the order that comes out of freedom. Not enforced by your mind, not by your past, but just by your being aware, alert, free, responsive, an order arises. I don't call it order, because it goes on changing every moment. I don't call it a discipline, because it has nothing to do with you. In the chaos you are no more, the ego has disappeared.
Who is going to discipline? The ego. The ego says become a better man, improve yourself: you are a sinner, become a saint; you are violent, become nonviolent; you are angry, become more loving. But who is going to do it, and who is this who is hankering for improvement? The ego wants a few more decorations, wants to become more respectable, wants to become more certain, wants to have a better grounding in the world, wants to feel more solid, wants to become somebody in particular, wants to become special.
No, my sannyas is not going to give you anything of this sort. I don't deal in dead things, that is not my business. My whole effort here is to give you a taste of freedom. Once you have known the taste, you will never settle for anything else.

If it is a question of settling somewhere, you are wrong. My sannyas is a wandering; it is not a settlement. In my sannyas you can rest, but in the morning you have to go. It

is a constant flow, river-like -- unless the ocean is achieved. But the ocean comes out of the flowing river, naturally. There is no planning for the ocean; the river does not know. I he maps don't exist for a river, of where the ocean is.
And the river has no discipline. Sometimes it goes to the south, and sometimes it starts moving to the north, and sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another direction. Have you ever seen the zigzag path of a river? It is not straight. It is not economical. It is not mathematical. It is not the shortcut at all -- very zigzag, just goes on, not knowing where it is going, just goes on because the energy is there.to go. And one day the river reaches. If the river is planning, then it will find the shortest route, then it will move in a straight line, then it will never deviate, then it will be very consistent. But then it will not be a river. Maybe a canal, a man-made canal, but it will not be a river. It won't have any freedom.
I don't want you to be canals. Canals are ugly. I want you to be rivers. And life is a hilly track.
Move in freedom, move in total freedom, and each moment remember to drop the past. It accumulates like dust. Each moment you have experienced something, and then it goes on accumulating.

Don't accumulate it. Just go on ceasing as far as the past is concerned, dying as far as the past is concerned, so you are totally alive, throbbing, pulsating, streaming, and, whatsoever comes, you face it with awareness.
You must have a wrong notion about my sannyas.
You say, "What I mean by sannyas is a spiritual discipline...." Then your meaning is different from my meaning. No, it has nothing to do with discipline -- and it has nothing to do with spirituality.
When Bodhidharma reached China and the emperor received him, the emperor asked one thing: "I have done many meritorious acts. I have made many Buddhist

monasteries, thousands of Buddhist monks are fed from my treasure, millions of Chinese have been converted to Buddhism, thousands of temples have been raised for Buddha. What is going to be my merit for all this doing?"
Bodhidharma was very ferocious and he looked into the emperor's eyes and said, "Your Majesty, there is no merit in it."
The emperor was very much shocked, because many Buddhists had come before -- monks and missionaries -- and they all said to him, "This will be your merit: you will reach to the seventh paradise. Do more virtuous acts, donate more, make more monasteries, temples, Buddha statues, convert the whole country to Buddhism. Your merit is going to be great, Your Majesty." And now here comes this Bodhidharma and he says no merit at all?
But the emperor was a very cultured man.

He changed the subject; he dropped the subject before so many people. And this man looked dangerous. He said, "Then tell me something about the holy truth of Buddha."
And Bodhidharma said, "Nothing can be said about it because it is vast, and, remember, there is nothing holy in it. Holy, unholy, is part of a dual mind. There is nothing holy, nothing unholy; it simply is."
Now this was too much. The emperor was very much offended. He is denying even Buddha's truth and saying nothing is holy in it. He became angry. He forgot for a moment all his courteous manner, courtly manner and politeness, and he said, "Then who is this fellow who is standing before me?" And Bodhidharma bowed down and said, "Your Majesty, I don't know."
My sannyas is not spiritual, because I don't divide the world into the material and the spiritual. It is nothing holy, because I don't divide the world into the unholy and the holy. By becoming a sannyasin you have not become a saint, because I don't divide people into sinners and saints. People are people. All are beautiful -- sinners and saints

and all.
In fact, if there are only saints in the world and no sinners, the world would not be worth living in. Just think of a world which consists only of holy saints. Can you conceive of any worse world than that? No, it cannot be of much value. The sinner and the saint, they are the warp and woof, they are together, they are one -- the dark and the light.

Death and life are meeting every moment.
So I don't call it spiritual, because I have no condemnation for matter. In the very word "spiritual" you have denied something, you have condemned something, you have judged; you have already declared that "The material is wrong and I want to be spiritual."
Can't you see a simple fact that you exist in the body as the body? Have you ever seen any soul without a body, unembodied? Or have you seen any body alive without a soul? The bifurcation is stupid. The soul is nothing but the dynamism of your body and the body is nothing but the materialization of your soul. The body is your visible soul and the soul is your invisible body.
And I would like you to be as much a materialist as a spiritualist. I don't make the division. I don't want to create any split in you. You are already split. Your so-called religions have already done much damage to you. They have created a schizophrenic world in which everybody is split. And of course then there is tension, anxiety, anguish, because you become two. By just calling yourself a spiritual being, you are condemning your body and you are creating a rift between the body and the soul, between God and the world.
You say God created the world? You state it in a very wrong way. I say God IS the world. God has not created it, because he has never been able to become separate from it.

It is not like a painter, that he paints something and then he is free of the painting and the painting becomes separate -- the painter can die but the painting will live. No, God is not like that. God is more like a dancer. Hence my very great love for dance. God is more like a dancer. You cannot separate the dancer from the dance. He is Nataraj: the dancer of all the dancers, the master of all the dancers. He is dancing in the leaf, in the flower, in the raindrops, in the river, in the peacock. All over is his dance.
He has not created the world; he IS the world. The world is his dance, and the separation does not exist. If the world is not there, he will not be a dancer at all. If the dancer is not there, the world cannot exist. They are not separate; they are inseparably together. In fact to say "together" is not right, because they are not two; how can they be together? They are one.
And I would like you to remember this unity always and always because you are prone to forget it. Your minds have been conditioned by dualists -- matter and mind, body and soul, God and the world, SAMSAR and nirvana.
My sannyasin is the unity, is the bridge between all duality. That's why I have not told you to renounce the world, because it is God's dance. Where are you going to renounce it? Have you gone mad? It is his market, it is his world. The noise is his. Once you recognize it, the noise turns into a beautiful music.

In all these relationships only he is there. In your wife he is, in you he is, in your children too. In your friends he is, in your enemies too. Only he is.
So don't go anywhere, don't renounce. Live it as totally as possible -- and live it as an integrated being. My emphasis is for an integrated being. You are not in the body: you ARE the body. Drop that nonsense of "I am in the body." Hmm? from the very beginning that nonsense makes a distinction, and then you are very far away from the body and a conflict arises. You start manipulating your body, you start

controlling your body, you start doing things to your body. You become destructive, you become violent.
Your so-called saints are all violent. Howsoever much they talk about nonviolence, howsoever much, it makes no difference. They are violent people.
There are two types of violent people. The first type is violent with others; the other type is violent with himself. There are sadists and masochists. The sadists torture others; they become Adolf Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Mao. Then there are masochists, they torture themselves; they become Mahatma Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave, Lanza del Vasto, and so on, so forth. But both are violent people. One tortures himself; another tortures others.
My sannyasin has to drop torturing.
So it is not a discipline and it has nothing to do with spirituality.

Yes, Your Majesty, there is nothing holy in it.
And don't get angry with me and don't ask who is this fellow sitting here and talking with you. I don't know.
You say, "What I mean by sannyas is a spiritual discipline, and through this discipline one becomes a religious man."
If you become a religious man by discipline, you will be a bogus religious man. What does discipline have to do with religion? If you practice religion you will be false. Ordinarily it has been told to you, whatsoever you preach, practice it. And I say to you, if you practice it, you will become false, because practice means you are creating a character armor around you. Now you will be living according to a certain ideology, and that ideology will function as a barrier. It will become your prejudice. And a religious man is absolutely unprejudiced. He has no outlook, he has no philosophy, he has no ideology. He is very, very natural. He is more like animals, more like small babies, more like trees and rocks... and yet, very, very different from them. But the difference comes from his awareness.
You say if we practice a certain discipline we will become

religious. As if religiousness is something like a goal in the future: you have to practice today so tomorrow you become religious. No, religiousness is your nature. You are already that. No practice is needed for it.
The Indian term for religion is very, very beautiful; the Indian term is DHARMA.

DHARMA means your intrinsic nature. Whatsoever you want to become, in fact, you are already; it is already the case. It is not a question that you have to practice something and then as a result, as a reward, you become religious. No, you become religious if you just become aware. This very moment you become religious.
Sometimes even without knowing it you become religious. Whenever you are alert, silent, peaceful, you are religious. Whenever you are unalert, tense, worried, you are irreligious. Religion and irreligion continuously change. Sometimes sitting with your friends, listening to music, and you are so quiet and so happy -- for no reason at all, just feeling joyful -- you are religious. You are in tune with your nature. You may not even be conscious of the fact that in this moment you are religious.
You have gone for a morning walk, the sun is rising, and it is beautiful all around and the air is cool and fragrant and the birds have started singing and there are a few white clouds floating in the sky, and suddenly you are no longer the ordinary, miserable person. You feel good. Suddenly you feel turned on. The vast sky and the clouds and the birds and the morning breeze and the sun rising slowly: something rises in you too, something becomes alert. You have a dance to your feet and a song arises. You would like to sit under a tree and sing a song. You are religious.

When you are in love you are religious. Holding the hand of your friend or your woman or your man, not doing anything, just sitting silently, looking at the stars, you are

religious.
Religion is not a result of something that you practice. Religion enters in you any moment you relax. Religion is a flowering of relaxation, not a result of practicing.
Remember the difference because when you practice you become more tense.
You can see the people who practice. They are very tense because every moment they are fighting. How can they relax? Have you seen a saint relaxing? Impossible. A saint cannot relax, because if he relaxes he is afraid of becoming a sinner. He has to be constantly on guard. He sits upright -- because deep inside he is uptight. You can go and see these saints in India. They are on exhibition everywhere. Upright they sit, with their backbone straight, in a dead yoga posture. Like statues. They can't relax.
Saints cannot laugh, because if they laugh there is danger. If you laugh you become ordinary, just an ordinary human being. They have to remain serious! And they have to be continuously on guard. You don't understand their misery. They are imprisoned, and their imprisonment is such that they are the prisoner and they are the jailer too. So a prisoner can escape from the prison, there is a possibility, because the jailer is a different person; you can deceive.

But a saint cannot, because he himself is the jailer. He goes on whipping himself, torturing, starving. He is very nasty with his body. But you say, "He is a great ascetic" -- these nasty people. Horrible and hideous. Then, also, they are waiting: in some future there is going to be a result.
No, I don't teach you the result-oriented life at all. I teach you the relaxed way of life. Here and now you can be religious. You are, this moment, if you are relaxing with me.
Those who have come to feel me, understand me, those who have come to have a taste of my presence, they relax. They are not here for any gain, they are not here for any greed, they are not here to attain something in future life.

They are just here to be with me -- to laugh a little with me, to have a little fun, to joke a little. And then you are religious. In that moment, if you allow a little relaxation, you are religious. Because religion is your innermost nature. Whenever you are not tense, it is there. When you become tense, you lose contact with it.
And now you ask, "... but it is not happening to me. What to do?' If it had happened it would have surprised me. That's what I am saying: it cannot happen that way. If you want to become a pseudo-religious person, then it is okay, that's your choice. But never blame me. That is your responsibility. If you want to be a pseudo-religious person, you can become one -- you can practice.

Truth cannot be practiced. You have to dissolve yourself into it. Truth can never become something that you can hold in your hand. It is vast. How can you hold it in your hand? It can never become your property. You have to relax into it, dissolve into it.
When you dissolve into it, it is there, and it takes and possesses your whole being. And then it lives through you. And that is what I call a religious life: when truth starts living through you, when God starts dancing through you and you don't create any barrier for him and you don't say no. You become a yea-sayer and you say yes, and your yes is total and your yes is unconditional; then God is very happy in you. And when God is happy in you, suddenly you will find he is happy all around you. Then you are blessed... and then you can bless the whole of existence.

Question 2
SOMETIMES LISTENING TO YOU, AN OVERWHELMING FEELING COMES OVER ME OF HOW ABSURD AND RIDICULOUS WE ALL ARE AND YET AT THE SAME TIME HOW INCREDIBLY BEAUTIFUL LIFE IS. IF EEL THERE IS SO MUCH I WANT TO SAY TO YOU, BUT IT CAN'T BE PUT INTO WORDS,

AND I WOULD LIKE TO JUST RUN UP AND HUG YOU.

Good idea -- but don't do it. Because even then you will not be able to say what you want to say, even with a hug. You will be able to show your helplessness, but nothing will be said.
When something overwhelming is happening, it cannot be expressed.

It is inexpressible by its very nature. It is intrinsically inexpressible, ineffable. So whenever it happens a very deep helplessness arises. Words seem to be futile, meaningless, trivial, and then one would like to say it in some other way -- one would like to hug or kiss or hold the hand -- but even then nothing is said. Only your helplessness is shown. One would like to cry or weep, but then too nothing is said. Only your helplessness is expressed.
Rather than trying to express it, my suggestion is, when this happens, remain with it. Don't make any effort to express or not to express. Because if you become occupied with expression, you will miss it. You are already diverted, distracted. That's why I say the idea is good but don't try to do it.
If you feel the benediction around you, the greater, the vaster surrounding you, the infinite just around you, rather than trying to express it, get lost in it. Because now the ego is trying another way: now the ego wants to express it. And if you become too interested in expressing it.... You may become a painter, because the painter is trying to express the inexpressible through colors on the canvas, but who has been able to express it? Or you may become a poet. The poet is trying to express the inexpressible in words, but who has ever been able to express it?
This is the difference between art and religion.

When the vast surrounds you, the artist starts making efforts to express it, and the mystic simply gets lost in it. And the mystic comes to know it. The artist misses at the very last moment.
It will be happening to more and more people around here. This is a very crazy place to be. It is really far out. To more and more people it is going to happen, so keep it as a deep remembrance that whenever you feel that something unknown has knocked on your doors, don't be worried about expression, don't start thinking how to say it or how to write it. Let it be. Go into it. Be drowned in it. Be drunk with it. Don't make any effort.
These are the two efforts. First, people try to find how to achieve it; they miss. I don't teach you any "how." Then when it happens they start thinking how to express it; again the "how" comes from the back door. Again I would like to remind you, don't bring the "how." It is good as it is. Unexpressed, what is wrong in it? Let it be so. Amen, let it be so.
"Sometimes listening to you, an overwhelming feeling comes over me of how absurd and ridiculous we all are and yet at the same time how incredibly beautiful life is." There is no contradiction in the absurd and the beautiful. In fact the absurd is the beautiful and the beautiful is always absurd. Don't see any contradiction.
The mind is always tempted very much to see contradictions because the mind has been trained in a certain logic which does not allow contradictions to be together.

The mind has been trained by Aristotelean philosophy, all over the world. Aristotle says A is A and never not A. This is the whole logic of the mind: A is A and never not A; A is A and never B. How can A be B? But in reality A is B and C and D -- and the whole alphabet. In reality things have multidimensional qualities.
You see a man is loving. When the man is loving you think,

"Yes, how beautiful a man." But the next moment he is angry; then there is a contradiction. You say, "This man deceived. This man has not heard of Aristotle yet? A is A and never B! You are a loving man! Don't be angry!" But man is man. He is angry and loving and jealous and possessive, and sometimes so sharing, and sometimes so mean. Have you not watched it? Sometimes your friend is so sharing and sometimes so mean. This is how reality is. Reality contains all contradictions.
You say, "... how absurd and ridiculous we all are AND YET how incredibly beautiful life is." Nothing is contradictory in it. If you were all very, very consistent, life would not be so rich. It would be stale and gray. Life is rich because it is a rainbow, it is psychedelic. It has so many colors and so many changing colors. And it is so unpredictable -- that's why it is absurd.
Why do you call it absurd? Because you cannot contain it in your logic. Your logic falls short; it is bigger than your logic. It destroys your logic.

Somehow you make a small part of your mind clear, and life comes and destroys everything.
Have you not seen somebody who for forty years has been absolutely logical and has never allowed anything in his life which is illogical, has said God does not exist because he is not visible, has said prayer is foolish and love is not possible, then one day he comes across a beautiful woman and falls in love? Forty years' training and logic -- and all gone to the dogs! within a single moment. Life is absurd. But by "absurd" you simply say one thing: that it is not logical. But why should it be logical? It has no obligation to be logical. It has never pretended to be logical. It is man's mediocre mind that has been trying to fix it somehow so you can be secure about it. No, it cannot be fixed. It is a constant flux.
And it is ridiculous, yes, because it is not serious. It is ridiculous because it is a play. In India we call it LEELA; it is

a play.
God loves children. Can't you see it? Every day old people are taken away, and he goes on sending babies. How absurd. A person has been trained his whole life, for seventy years. He has become a great philosopher, a professor, a scholar -- so many PhD's and DLits and the DD -- and now suddenly this mad God takes him away. What type of economics is this? And instead sends a baby, crying and howling. Again train him.

Send him to the school and the college and the university. And by the time he is ready and looks of any use, here comes God and takes him away! It is absurd. God loves the absurdity. God is not a utilitarian. He does not believe in utility; he believes in play. At the moment you become too serious, he says, "Now it is time. You please come back home. I will dismantle you and send you again. Now you need a mind wash: you have become too trained, too disciplined, too much of a commodity. You are no longer a freedom." That's why old people are taken away. He destroys them, again creates small babies, and sends them; and again they are there with all the nonsense. And again we are after them to teach them. Neither we learn anything nor God learns anything. It goes on.
It is ridiculous, but that's why it is so beautiful. If God was a mathematician -- as Vinoba Bhave says.... He says that God is a mathematician. Now this seems to be the most sacrilegious statement ever made. God a mathematician? No, he is not, not at all. The mathematician is an ugly thing. The mathematician is a computer. The mathematician is clever and cunning, but mechanical. Mathematics has no poetry in it. Mathematics is the only absolutely fictitious science created by man. In the room you say there are six chairs. There are chairs -- but not "six." "Six" is man's concept. If you go out of the room, chairs will be there, but "six" has disappeared.

Mathematical concepts are human creations. God is not a mathematician. Otherwise such beautiful play will become impossible.
Don't you see sometimes there are many things man is destroying, thinking that by destroying them the world will be better? God has never destroyed them. The trees have existed. Sometimes you think what is the point of a tree. Make furniture, cut it; make doors and furniture and then it is useful. Hills are there, the Himalayas are there, and the virgin snow on their tops, nobody has walked on it. For what? What is the point of it? Why are the Himalayas needed? Make it a plain so people can live there and townships can grow. That's how man has destroyed the whole of nature.
God is very playful. Many absurd things are there. So many stars, for what? They go on moving. It is not a mathematical arrangement. God is very luxurious. He does not believe in necessity. He is a spendthrift; he is not a miser. He goes on throwing his energy. It is playful energy it is just like a child splashing in water. Don't ask why. He will not be able to answer. But he is enjoying it. It has no economical value, but life is not economics, nor is it politics. It is a poetry, and the poetry is by its very nature, by its very definition, illogical. The poetry is beautiful because there are sudden leaps and jumps. The prose is not so beautiful, because there are no sudden jumps and leaps.

The prose moves on plain ground, in a logical sequence.
Sooner or later, when you are ready, I am going to drop talking in a sequential way. Sooner or later, when my sannyasins are ready, my talks will be more like a collage. You will have to find out what he means. You will have to find out your own meaning. I will say a few things, but I will go on jumping and I will not connect as I connect right now. Once you are ready -- more attentive, more aware, more

alert -- I will not connect with logic, I will drop the logic. The unity will be there, but not on the surface. The unity will be there because they will all be my statements -- the unity will consist in ME. And the unity will be there because they are to be understood by your awareness -- the unity will come in your awareness. But taken directly, if a visitor comes, he will think this man is mad. Right now I connect. I connect because I know you will not be able to understand the absurd yet. I am waiting for the day you are ready, so I can be as absurd as God is.
Have you seen anywhere any symmetry in nature? It is not there. Man makes things in a symmetrical way. If he makes a house he makes it symmetrical. But in nature there is no symmetry. A great pine tree, and just by the side a small rosebush. And you cannot ask what is the connection between the rosebush and the pine tree. God will laugh; he will say, "Who said that there is any need for any connection? The rosebush is a rosebush and the pine is a pine -- and both are happy.

There is no need to bridge them."
Sooner or later I am going to become just like God. I will say something and then I will forget about it and I will tell a joke which is completely unrelated. Then it is for you to work it out. Then it will be more beautiful, certainly more beautiful, because it will be more playful. That is the meaning of a collage, so many fragments from so many dimensions together. On the surface, no unity; but if you look deep there is an organic unity. That unity exists in the painter, not in the painting.
If you really want to know the meaning of the poetry, you will have to go deep into the heart of the poet. For prose you need not go into the heart. Prose is plain, prose is worldly, prose is of the marketplace, prose is human. Poetry is divine. That's why all the great scriptures of the world are in poetry -- the Upanishads, the Vedas, the Koran, DHAMMA PADA. They are all poetry, beautiful

poetry, outpourings of a singing heart. Logic, there is none; love, there iS much.

Question 3
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF SURRENDER? HOW IS SURRENDER?

There are a few things, you have to do them if you want to know them. There is no way to tell anything about them. And surrender is one of those things. It is a dimension of love, let-go.
If you ask me what is surrender and what is the meaning of surrender, yes, something can be told to you, but that won't carry any meaning.

You have to taste it. It is a taste. If you taste it you know it. If you don't taste it, I can talk about it, but you will not know it. Without your own experience, whatsoever I say will be a tautology. You ask what is surrender. I say surrender is a let-go. But what am I saying? You will ask what is a let-go. It is a tautology; I have not answered you. I say a let-go is falling in love. It is a tautology again; I am not saying anything. You will say,'What is falling in love then?" The question remains the same, and all answers will go round and round and round.

I have heard about a prudish, tight-lipped old maid who would not even allow her pet cat out of the house after dark. Headed for New York on one of her infrequent outings, she paused to remind the maid about locking up that cat each evening.
This time in New York, however, the old maid encountered a handsome old rogue who swept her off her feet. After four nights of blissful romancing she wired her maid, "Having the time of my life. Let the cat out too!"

Let the cat out. When you know what love is, only then you

know. There is no other way to know it.
I am here creating a situation for you to surrender. Don't ask for the meaning. Do it. Be courageous. Let it be an experience. Accept my invitation. My doors are open; enter and be my guest. Surrender.
By "surrender," in the West, a very wrong idea arises -- as if you will be dominated by somebody -- because surrender has a very wrong association.

It has become almost a political word in the West. The Nazis surrendered; that's how it has become associated with politics. A surrendered one is the one who is defeated. In the East we have a totally different meaning for the term. It has nothing to do with war and nothing to do with defeat. Have you not heard the proverb that in love defeat is the only victory? If you are defeated in love you have become victorious. Yes, that's how it is in surrender. It has nothing to do with defeat. It is not that you are being dominated by somebody. It is not that now somebody else is going to oppress you, exploit you, that you are becoming a slave. No, it is nothing of the sort. The surrender in the East is used as a technique.
And the surrender has to be made only to a person who is no more, so he cannot dominate you. So this has to be remembered: don't surrender to a person who is still there; otherwise he will dominate you and he will give you a discipline and he will start forcing you to do this and not to do that and he will create a prison around you.
That's why I don't give you any discipline. Even if you ask, I don't give. You ask continuously because you want to depend, because you want to be a slave, because you don't want to take your own responsibility. You want to throw the responsibility on somebody else. You are in search of a father figure; you want somebody to lead you.

But I am not going to give you any discipline and I am not going to give you any clear-cut direction to do this and

don't do that. All that I am going to do is to share my awareness with you so you can become a little more aware, to share my love with you so you can become a little more loving. It has nothing to do with any discipline. Coming closer to me, you will be able to imbibe my spirit. That is the meaning of surrender: that you are ready to come close to me, that you are not afraid, that you will not protect yourself against me, that you will not be defensive, that simply you are ready to come closer to me, that you are attracted, that you have heard my call, that something has clicked in your heart and you will try to know who this man really is, what manner of man. You would like to enter into my emptiness and be surrounded by my emptiness.
Sannyas is the visible effort of surrender. Many people come to me and they say, "We don't take sannyas. Can't you help us?" I say, "I will try my best, but it won't be of much help because you will continuously protect yourself. You will be defensive." Sannyas is just a gesture that "Now drop my defenses and I am ready to go with you."
Of course, it is risky. You don't know me yet. How can you know? If you surrender you will know; you cannot know beforehand. So it is only for very courageous people. The daredevils -- it is only for them.

And I exist for daredevils, those who are ready to risk their life and to go into the unknown and to see if something happens.
If you are ready to go, it is going to happen; and then you will know the meaning. Then too you will not be able to tell somebody else what the meaning is! The meaning is in the taste, in the experience.
And you ask, "How is surrender?" Apparently, sannyas is the "how," obviously. The deeper "how" will open its doors when you have entered the porch. Sannyas is the porch; once you enter the porch -- you have accepted me and I have accepted you -- then there is a deep agreement, that you trust me. Now I can invite you to deeper realms of my

being. You become an initiate.
The second thing happens someday. Sometimes it happens with the sannyas itself. If you are totally surrendered, then in the first moment of contact with me it happens -- you become an initiate. Sometimes it takes time. The outward sannyas happens first; then you wait, then you watch, then you see things, then slowly, slowly you relax, inch by inch you drop your ego, and more and more I penetrate in you. Then one day, without any warning, suddenly it has happened -- you suddenly become aware it has happened: now my light exists in you and my heart beats in you. Sometimes it takes years, sometimes days, sometimes minutes, sometimes not a single minute. It depends on you, how much courage you have.

And of course, Westerners are gaining much more from me than the Easterners, because the East has become very cowardly. So by and by you will see more and more Western people around here. The East is very cowardly. They have become almost corpses. They don't have the spirit -- the spirit that Kabir calls the spirit for the quest of truth -- they don't have it. Either they believe they already know what truth is or they think there is enough time and there is no hurry -- if not in this life, then in the next life. And for them, to be religious has become more a way of being respectable, and of course my sannyas will not appeal to them because if they are respectable, by becoming my sannyasin they will lose all respect. They will not become respectable through my sannyas. Through my sannyas they will become rebellious; they will start falling out of the society. People will start avoiding them. People will start feeling they are dangerous and infectious, and people will think that they have gone mad or something. But in the West something new is happening -- a new courage, a new spirit of inquiry. It always comes whenever a country becomes materially rich. It always happens.

When a country becomes materially poor, it loses spirit. Not only outwardly poor, it becomes inwardly poor. It loses confidence, it loses courage, it loses potentiality. It starts dragging.

In the West people have become materially rich; they are well-fed, science has come to a certain point from where religion can be contacted, and people have seen material affluence. Now they would like to see something beyond it. It is not enough.
So if you are ready, don't ask "how is surrender?" Surrender.
Once it happened, Jesus was staying with his friends in a house, and the friends said, "Tell us how to pray." Jesus said, "But how to say how to pray? I will pray, and if you are ready you can participate." And Jesus started praying. Now the others were standing there and they couldn't see what to do. He started moving into some unknown realm. They watched and he prayed; and when he came back from the world of his prayer, they said again, "But tell us how to pray." He said, "I SHOWED you how to pray, and you ask how to pray."
Remember, maybe the question arises out of your cowardliness. Maybe you want to be certain about everything, what it is, whether it is worth it or not.
I am here surrendered. I am here in prayer. I am here in God. Come closer to me.
And I have made it easier than it has ever been, because I am not putting any conditions on you. I accept you as you are. It has never been done before. I accept you as you are. I have no condemnation, no evaluation, no judgment. If you are a drunkard, good. If you are a gambler, good, exactly right.

Because this is a sort of gamble and this is a way of becoming drunk. Whatsoever you are, you are accepted. Come closer.

Sannyas will be a visible thing for you to do, and the next thing, leave it to me. I will do it. You do one thing; I will do the other. There is a saying in Arabian countries, "If you walk one foot towards God, he walks one thousand one feet towards you." You walk towards me one foot; I will walk one thousand and one feet towards you. You do the first; the second I will do.
But you come and ask, "But sannyas... just by changing the clothes.... It is too outward. Tell us something inward."You are not even ready to do the outward and you ask for the inward. And you are an outwardly-oriented man. That's why I am talking about the outward sannyas -- that's where you are. That's from where the journey has to start. You arc yet outside yourself; from there the journey has to start. The inward can happen only later on, not right now.

Question 4
IS IT POSSIBLE FOR TWO PEOPLE IN A RELATIONSHIP TO BE BAD FOR EACH OTHER? DOES IT HAPPEN THAT TWO PEOPLES ENERGY JUST DOES NOT MIX? HOW TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE THORNS OF A HEALTHY RELATIONSHIP AND AN UNHEALTHY RELATIONSHIP?

but I have come across couples thousands and thousands of couples who are bad. In fact I have never come across a couple who is not bad.

Persons are beautiful and couples are ugly. Something goes wrong somewhere. It should not be so but it is so. The way love has been understood has been wrong. What you call love is not love; it is something else. Sometimes you are alone and you cannot tolerate your loneliness, and just to fill the gap, the inner hole, you find somebody. It is not love. And of course things are going to be bad. From the very beginning the very base is wrong. Love is a sharing of two individuals. And I call a person "individual" when he is happy with his aloneness; otherwise he is not

an individual, if he cannot be happy alone. Just think. If you cannot be happy alone, how can you be happy together? Two persons are unhappy separately, and you think there is going to be a miracle? -- two unhappy persons come together and suddenly happiness arises? Unhappiness is doubled -- not only doubled, multiplied.
Out of your unhappiness you seek the other; then the relationship is going to be wrong. Seek the other out of happiness, and then the relationship will never be wrong. Seek out of happiness.
First meditate, first feel your own being, first pray. First grow into love; otherwise what are you going to do when you have found the lover? Then you don't know what to do.

An anecdote:

His friend was a shy one, but after being told that if he went to the dance all he would have to do would be stand in the corner, he went.

The friend shoved him immediately into the arms of a pretty girl on the dance floor.
For an hour or so he lost track of his shy friend, but then spotted him standing happily next to the girl he had been "shoved" upon. What is more, he had his arm around her waist and she was looking up at him with adoring eyes.
"We are engaged," the shy one told his friend.
"Good heavens!" said the friend. "How did that happen?"
"Well," said the shy one, "I danced with her six times and I just could not think of anything else to ask her."

Your love affairs are so stupid. And then you are waiting for something great to happen out of them. In the first place you don't have any love in your heart. That's why everybody wants to be loved. You want to be loved; your woman also wants to be loved. Naturally there is conflict: both are ready to take and nobody is ready to give. And

how to give? You don't have it in the first place. Only a loving person -- one who is already loving -- can find the right partner.
This is my observation: if you are unhappy you will find somebody who is unhappy. Unhappy people are attracted towards unhappy people. And it is good, it is natural. It is good that the unhappy people are not attracted towards happy people; otherwise they will destroy their happiness. It is perfectly okay. Only happy people are attracted towards happy people.

The same attracts the same. Intelligent people are attracted towards intelligent people; stupid people are attracted towards stupid people.
You will see it. In Poona there are thousands of people, but only a few people will be attracted towards me -- only those who are really concerned with knowing who they are. Others won't be attracted. Even my neighbors, just the next-door neighbors -- they have not come to listen. In fact they are very much worried.
It happened, in one town I lived for ten years, and a person used to live just above me, but he never came TO see me. Thousands of people would come and go, but he never came. He was simply puzzled as TO why people came TO me. Then he was transferred -- he was a principal in a college -- he was transferred to another town. I visited the other town. I was invited to his college to speak to the students; then he heard me for the first time. He had to because he was the principal! Then he became more puzzled; he said, "Ten years I lived just on top of you, and I missed. I never came. And I never knew that you had something to share, that you had something to give to us." He started crying.
I said, "Don't be worried. Just tell me, during these two years you have not been in that town, what has happened?" He said, "My wife died and I became very

miserable. Then I started meditating, thinking maybe it helps.

Then really something started happening in me and I started feeling very happy. I was worried I would not be able to be alone without my wife, but now I am so happy that I don't want to get entangled with anybody." I told him, "Maybe that's why you could understand me. The meditation that you tried, the happiness that you are feeling -- then there is a possibility to have contact with me. There you were on a different plane."

You meet people of the same plane. So the first thing to remember is: a relationship is bound to be bitter if it has grown out of unhappiness. First be happy, be joyful, be celebrating, and then you will find some other soul celebrating and there will be a meeting of two dancing souls and a great dance will arise out of it.

Don't ask for a relationship out of loneliness, no. Then you are moving in a wrong direction. Then the other will be used as a means and the other will use you as a means. And nobody wants to be used as a means! Every single individual is an end unto himself. It is immoral to use anybody as a means. First learn how to be alone. Meditation is a way of being alone.

And if you can be happy when you are alone, you have learned the secret of being happy. Now you can be happy together. If you are happy, then you have something to share, to give. And when you give you get; it is not the other way. Then a need arises to love somebody.

Ordinarily the need is to be loved by somebody. It is a wrong need. It is a childish need; you are not mature. It is a child's attitude.

A child is born. Of course, the child cannot love the mother; he does not know what love is and he does not know who is the mother and who is the father. He is totally helpless. His being is still to be integrated; he is not one piece; he is

not together yet. He is just a possibility. The mother has to love, the father has to love, the family has to shower love on the child. Now he learns one thing: that everybody has to love him. And he never learns that he has to love. Now the child will grow, and if he remains stuck with this attitude that everybody has to love him, he will suffer his whole life -- his body has grown, but his mind has remained immature.
A mature person is one who comes to know the other need: that now I have to love somebody. The need to be loved is childish, immature. The need to love is mature. And when you are ready to love somebody, a beautiful relationship will arise; otherwise not.

"Is it possible for two people in a relationship to be bad for each other?" Yes, that's what is happening all over the world. To be good is very difficult. You are not good even to yourself. How can you be good to somebody else? You don't even love yourself! How can you love somebody else? Love yourself, be good to yourself.

And your so-called religious saints have been teaching you never to love yourself, never to be good to yourself. Be hard on yourself! They have been teaching you be soft towards others and hard towards yourself. This is absurd.
I teach you that the first and foremost thing is to be loving towards yourself. Don't be hard; be soft. Care about yourself. Learn how to forgive yourself -- again and again and again -- seven times, seventy-seven times, seven hundred seventy-seven times. Learn how to forgive yourself. Don't be hard; don't be antagonistic towards yourself. Then you will flower.
And in that flowering you will attract some other flower. It is natural. Stones attract stones; flowers attract flowers. And then there is a relationship which has grace, which has beauty, which has a benediction in it. And if you can find

such a relationship, your relationship will grow into prayer... your love will become an ecstasy... and through love you will know what God is.

THE END.

Chapter : 3:Natural, spontaneous, aware

I. 63. avadhu, maya, taji na jay

TELL ME, BROTHER, HOW CAN I RENOUNCE MAYA?
WHEN I GAVE UP THE TYING OF RIBBONS, STILL I TIED MY GARMENT ABOUT ME.
WHEN I GAVE UP TYING MY GARMENT, STILL I COVERED MY BODY IN ITS FOLDS.
SO, WHEN I GIVE UP PASSION, L SEE THAT ANGER REMAINS

AND WHEN I RENOUNCE ANGER, GREED IS WITH ME STILL;
AND WHEN GREED IS VANQUISHED, PRIDE AND VAINGLORY REMAIN;
WHEN THE MIND IS DETACHED AND CASTS MAYA AWAY, STILL IT CLINGS TO THE LETTER.
KABIR SAYS. "LISTEN TO ME, DEAR FRIEND! THE TRUE PATH IS RARELY FOUND."

I. 83. canda jhalkai yahi ghat mahin

THE MOON SHINES IN MY BODY, BUT MY BLIND EYES CANNOT SEE IT.
THE MOON IS WITHIN ME, AND SO IS THE SUN.
THE UNSTRUCK DRUM OF ETERNITY IS SOUNDED WITHIN ME; BUT MY DEAF EARS CANNOT HEAR IT.

LIFE IS DIALECTICAL. It is more Hegelian than Aristotelean because it consists of the opposites. Without the opposites existence is impossible -- day and night, life and death, summer and winter. Life is so vast it can contain contradictions, and yet life in itself is not contradictory.

There is harmony in the contradictions; the contradictions are complementary.
This is one of the most fundamental things to be understood. If you miss it you will miss the whole message of Kabir -- and you will miss the whole message of religion.

And it is very difficult to understand it because our minds have been trained in a simple logic, nondialectical logic. We have been told, we have been taught that the opposites never meet. We have been taught and told that the opposites are REALLY opposites. That is not true. Can you think of love existing without hate? And can you think there is any possibility for life without death? It is not even conceivable that good can exist without bad. God needs the devil. Without the devil God cannot be.
The opposites only appear to be opposites because our understanding is not very deep yet. You inhale and exhale, and there is a rhythm and a harmony. Your inhalation.is not against exhalation, neither is your exhalation against your inhalation. They are both part of one process. The pendulum swings from inhalation to exhalation. And you exist just between the two -- in the balance, in the harmony.
A rich life is the life of harmony. A rich life is the life of a subtle synthesis.
There are two types of poor people in the world. People who know only indulgence are poor because they have not known renunciation. And people who know only renunciation, they are poor; they have not known indulgence. If there is a subtle balance between indulgence and renunciation, in that very balance there is a transcendence; you go beyond the dual.
That's why I say life is more Hegelian.

Hegel's understanding is truer, closer to life than Aristotle's. Hegel says life moves from thesis to antithesis to synthesis; then the synthesis becomes a thesis again.

Once the thesis is there, antithesis is created; again they start creating a new balance; a higher synthesis arrives. That's how life moves. In each single detail, life moves through contradictions, just as the bird has two wings and you have two legs and in your head there are two brains -- contradicting each other and complementing each other -- the left brain and the right brain, reason and intuition, the feminine and the masculine. And there is a possibility of a synthesis. This synthesis is the goal of all religion, of all mysticism, of all yoga. Yoga means meeting, meeting of the opposites; it is a union.
We call the world the universe; we don't call it the MULTIverse. We call it the universe because it is one. Still the oneness has multiplicity in it, variety, distinctions, differences. The oneness is not a monotonous oneness. The oneness is not dead; it is alive. And the oneness is not static; it is dynamic.
Today's sayings of Kabir have to be understood with this background. They are of tremendous import.

TELL ME, BROTHER, YOU CAN I RENOUNCE MAYA?

He asks one of the most significant question: How can I renounce the world? How can I renounce? The question is very significant because every seeker, one day or other, comes across it.

You have lived in the world -- you have known the misery of it, the agony of it, the frustration of it, the anxiety, the anguish. You are torn apart by it, you are fragmented by it, you are no longer a whole, you have lost all your peace; naturally, renunciation becomes very, very attractive. Renounce the world; there is misery, conflict, agony.
But Kabir asks, "How is it possible to renounce? Who will renounce it?" The renouncer will remain there -- and the renouncer is the world because the ego is the world. You

can go away, but you will still be there and you will create your world again and again. You are the world. You can move from the marketplace to the monastery: and in the monastery the same politics will enter, and in the monastery the same hierarchy, and in the monastery the same conflict and the same ambition; and you will create the marketplace again.
It is natural, because you can renounce the world, but how can you renounce yourself? You will carry all the seeds of your mind within you. All your ambition, competition, comparison, all your ego trips you will carry with yourself. You were trying to become richer in the world, you wanted to show to the world "I am the topmost rich man"; or you were trying to achieve a political post and you wanted to prove to the world "I am something."
All inferior people go on trying to prove that they are something.

All ambition arises out of an inferiority complex. It is very rare to come across a politician who is intelligent. It is very rare to come across a rich person who is intelligent, very, very difficult. Because an intelligent person, by his very intelligence, becomes noncompetitive. Intelligence is noncompetitive. Intelligence can see the whole absurdity of it. Intelligence can see "I am myself and there is no need to compare myself with anybody else. I am neither higher nor lower. Not that I am just like the others -- I am different -- but there is no higher and lower."
We are all different and unique human beings, but nobody is lower and nobody is higher -- and the whole effort to become higher is stupid.
But a man can go to the monastery. Now, he cannot earn money there, but he can earn virtue. He can become more and more religious -- he can meditate more than others, he can become the greatest meditator. He can repress himself more than the others and can become the greatest saint. Now again an attitude is bound to arise: the attitude of

"holier than thou." It is the same politics, the same competition, the same ego. Nothing has changed; only the object of competition has changed, but the subject remains the same. Now there will be politics again.
You can see it: from the lowest priest to the pope, a continuous hierarchy. And the lowest priest is trying to reach the higher post.

Every bishop is trying to become the archbishop, and they are moving in a hierarchy, the same world. One day they were trying to rise in political power; now they are trying to rise in religious power. But the whole effort is the same.
Kabir says, " TELL ME, BROTHER, HOW CAN I RENOUNCE MAYA?" -- how can I renounce this illusion? -- because I am the base, the root cause of all illusion. This "I" is my world, so wherever I will go, whatsoever I will do, this "I" will come again from the back door.
The world cannot be renounced. Renunciation is a desperate effort of a person who has indulged too much, but it is not very wise. Indulgence is foolish, renunciation too. The wise man finds the harmony. He neither indulges nor renounces. He simply becomes aware of the whole situation. He does not bother to escape from the world; he starts becoming aware of his ego which projects the world. And just by becoming aware of all the hidden desires of the ego, those desires disappear. The more light enters in your being, the more aware you become, the less and less competition. Not that you renounce, not that you make any effort to renounce. Just the very understanding becomes a subtle light in your being and you start laughing at all the foolish competitions, comparisons, evaluations that you have been doing -- and you have been suffering for.
Remember, renunciation is of the same stupid mind.

Nothing has changed. One day you were just seeking more and more indulgence -- more and more money, more

and more women and men. Now you have become afraid and you start escaping, running away from the world, but your stupidity has not changed. Your inner being remains the same. You are trying to do the impossible.
Unless your innermost core changes, is transformed becomes luminous with a new light and new awareness, it is impossible. The change cannot happen. The change does not happen from the outside; the change has to happen somewhere in the inside. Then the glow spreads all over.

I have heard about a despondent fellow who sought the advice of the city's most fashionable -- and expensive -- analyst. "You have acute melancholia," the analyst informed him. "The circus is in town this week. Go to it. It may give you some laughs."
"Your advice is worthless," mourned the despondent one. "I am the top clown there."

Now, you can even make others laugh, and you may be crying within yourself. You can be the topmost clown in the circus, and yet you can be absolutely depressed.
You can look like something which you are not; it is very easy. You can pretend to be a saint and you can remain the same miserable self inside. You can even pretend that you are very happy -- in fact that's what everybody is doing. You can go on pretending.

Others may be befooled, but how can you befool yourself?
Changing outward things won't be of much help, and by and by you will become more and more pseudo and you will lose contact with your real feelings. For example, an angry man can repress his anger; he can even pretend to become passionate. A man who has no love in his being can show and act and exhibit that he is a very loving person. Maybe somebody else is deceived for a time -- not for long -- but how can you deceive yourself? You will know

all the time, all the while, that there is anger, there is fire in you and poison. And that poison will go on destroying your peace, destroying your being. That poison will go on killing you.
Your smiles which are painted on the surface are of no help -- unless a laughter arises from your heart.
Kabir says renunciation will be of the outside. How can you change the inside through a change of the outside? It is not so easy. You will become a false holy man.
I have heard:

An actress who had received a magnificent diamond necklace as a gift from her admirer -- one of those Greek shipping magnates -- hit upon what she thought was a foolproof device for safeguarding it. She simply left it conspicuously open on her dressing table when she went out, with a note nearby reading,"This is just an imitation, dear burglar. The original is stashed carefully away in my safe-deposit box."

One night, however, she returned to find the necklace gone. In its place was this penciled message: "Thanks, lady -- the substitute is just what I wanted. I am a substitute myself. The burglar who usually cases this hotel is away on vacation."

The people you see in the marketplace are substitutes, and the people you see in your monasteries and ashramas and temples, they are also substitutes. Nobody seems to be real and authentic. It is very difficult to come across a real man. The world has become so false. And why has it become so false? Because we are trying to do something which is not possible. What we are trying to do is: we are trying to be happy by pretending happiness, we are trying to be loving by pretending lovingness, we are trying to be holy by pretending holiness. We are trying to paint our

faces and wear masks -- to know our original face. This is impossible. This is more impossible than this story I have heard:

A very ugly girl was sitting at the beach, when the waves washed a bottle at her feet. She opened it -- and out blew a huge genie in a billow of smoke. "I have been a prisoner in this bottle for five thousand years," cried the genie, "and now you have freed me. As a reward, I will fulfill any wish you make." Ecstatic, the ugly girl announced, "I want a figure like Sophia Loren, a face like Elizabeth Taylor, and legs like Ginger Rogers."

The genie looked her over carefully, then sighed, "Baby, just put me back in the bottle."

But I say to you, this may be impossible, but humanity has been trying to do the even more impossible. The most impossible thing is to come to the real through the false, to come to the authentic through the pseudo. It is impossible. It cannot be done. And down through the centuries humanity has tried to do it. And your so-called religions have been helping people to become more and more false. The whole world is full of false people.

Hence you are missing the ecstasy that life can give to you, that life is meant to give to you. You are missing all that is beautiful, true, all that is good, and all that is constantly showering on you.

You don't have your own face on. It is somebody else's face. And not only one false face, you have many false faces -- on top of one, the other, and on top of that, another. And you are completely lost; you don't know who you are.

The Zen people say, "Look for your original face; find it out." When somebody asked Bokuju, "What do you mean by 'the original face'?" he said, "The face that you had before you were born -- and the face that you will have

again when you have died." Find out that original face. That is truth, or call it God.
Kabir says this is not possible -- this whole effort to renounce has not helped.

WHEN I GAVE UP THE TYING OF RIBBONS, STILL I TIED MY GARMENT ABOUT ME:

In some other way -- if not valuable ribbons, then valueless, cheap ropes -- but one has to tie.

WHEN I GAVE UP TYING MY GARMENT, STILL I COVERED MY BODY IN ITS FOLDS.

One has to find some way or other.

SO, WHEN I GIVE UP PASSION, I SEE THAT ANGER REMAINS:

You try to give up passion, and you will become angry. And Kabir's insight is tremendous. That's what the whole of modern psychology says: if you give up passion, you will become angry. Hence your saints are so angry. Their anger simply shows that all the energy that was being released through sexuality, passion, is no longer finding any outlet. It is getting stuck inside, and they become angrier and angrier. It is very difficult to find a saint who is not angry, because where will the energy go? You have stopped one outlet; now it is natural for it to find another outlet.
Have you watched it, whenever you are sexually fulfilled you feel less angry, whenever you are sexually unfulfilled you feel more angry? It is the same energy. Unless you have found a new way in your being to absorb this energy, just taking a vow of BRAHMACHARYA, of celibacy, is not

going to help. Just deciding "Now -- from now on -- I am going to renounce sex" is not going to help.

First create a new passage for the energy to move into. Renunciation is not going to help. It will make you more angry. And if there is a choice between anger and sex, sex is better. At least you will feel more calm and quiet.
Down through the centuries two types of people have not been allowed sex. One is the saint, another is the soldier. The soldier is not allowed sex because the politicians came to know that if he is allowed sex he loses the urge to fight, he becomes less angry. It is difficult to fight when you are sexually satisfied. So many wars are possible because people are sexually very much unsatisfied. And politicians are very much afraid; they are afraid of what is going to happen to their politics if people become sexually satisfied. The whole of their politics depends on war. If war disappears, politics disappears. Then the government will be just an organization like the post office and the railway. It has some utility, but no power. War gives power, and the politician cannot allow war to disappear. The politician goes on talking about peace and goes on preparing for the war -- talks about peace, prepares for the war. And sometimes things move to absurd extremes: he prepares for war so that there should be peace in the world. For peace -- to protect peace -- he prepares for war.
Politicians cannot allow you to be satisfied in your love.

Once you are satisfied in your love you are useless as a soldier. You have to be kept unsatisfied so anger remains burning in you and you are ready to fight -- for any excuse -- foolish things. People can fight for a piece of cloth they call their national flag. Have you watched this? These national flags seem to be more a symbol of death than of life. When somebody dies they lower it down. And millions of people have died because of national flags. In a better world they should be completely burned and they should

disappear. They are ugly.
You have been taught that you belong to this country and you have to die for this country. Nobody belongs to any country. The whole earth is ours -- and the earth is undivided. It is divided only on the political maps. The earth is undivided. Where do you suppose India ends and Pakistan begins? Where do you suppose India ends and China begins? The earth is one.
But politics will not allow you to have that feeling of oneness. Otherwise politics disappears. Politics is needed, the politician is needed, only because there is war. Now this is a vicious circle. And if war is to continue, people have to be starved; they should not become sexually satisfied. They should remain angry, boiling within, ready to burst any moment. Watch people. They are ready to fight. Just anything will do -- politics, religion. Any nonsense will do and they are ready to kill each other.

Politics is in the service of death.
And your so-called religions are also in the service of death.
Kabir wants you to love life. All the great mystics want you to love life.
"SO, WHEN I GIVE UP PASSION, I SEE THAT ANGER REMAINS..."so nothing has changed. The energy has moved from one corner to another corner. You remain the same. The total result is the same. In fact it is worse.

AND WHEN I RENOUNCE ANGER, GREED IS WITH ME STILL;

If you renounce anger you will become very, very greedy. In India this has happened. Mahavir taught nonviolence, nonanger; and his followers became very greedy. This is something to be understood, why it happened. Jainas are the richest people in India, and Mahavir taught no anger, no violence, no fight. Why did his followers turn out to be

so greedy? Kabir seems to be right. If you drop anger, then what will you do? Then the energy that was moving in anger will start moving into greed.
You will not find miserly people very angry, no. They are using their anger, their energy, for greed. Miserly people are not very angry; they are very humble. Even if you hit them they will not hit back. They say, "We believe in peace." They say, "We believe in Jesus' saying. If somebody slaps us on one side of the face, we give him the other." Greedy people are less angry.
Rich people are less angry.

Watch it. As a person becomes richer, he becomes less and less angry. Anger remains in the poor people. Hence all the revolutionaries depend on the poor people; they cannot depend on the rich. Marx declared, predicted, that the richest country will become communist first. But it didn't happen. He was wrong. He may have been right about his economic analysis, but he did not know the human mind. A rich person is never angry and cannot become a revolutionary. Only a poor person can be angry, because he has no way to be greedy, he has nothing to be greedy about.
America should have become communist if Marx's prediction was right, but there is no possibility of any revolution in America. People have enough; they are greedy. Russia became communist, a very poor country. Then China became communist, a very poor country. And now there is every possibility of India becoming communist; it is on the way.
A poor country is very angry. When you have something to be greedy about, your anger takes the form of greed; then you are not angry. Then you are not interested in fighting, because in fighting you may lose. A poor person has nothing to lose -- that's exactly what Marx says in his COMMUNIST MANIFESTO: proletariat of the world unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains. He is right. When you

don't have anything to lose, why not fight? Either you gain something or you don't lose anything.

In every way you are going to be the gainer.
Down throughout history you can watch it happening, that same drama again and again. Poor countries are ready to fight. Rich countries become afraid of fighting -- anger disappears, becomes greed. Rich countries are not ready to fight. It has happened again and again in world history that poor countries have defeated rich countries. What happened in Vietnam? There seems to be no possibility logically why Americans should not win there. They have everything to win with -- better technology, better scientific instruments for killing. They have everything good, and still they could not defeat Vietnam, a very poor country. No, it is very difficult to defeat a poor country.
When India was very rich, it was defeated again and again. For two thousand years India was defeated again and again. A rich country. And those people who were coming as invaders were just starving, barbarians -- very poor. Mohammedans, Moguls, Turks, they were all poor people -- desperately in need of fighting. And India was rich -- and desperately in need of being greedy about something it had. It was afraid to fight.
I have heard one story that once a donkey challenged a lion, "Stop saying of yourself that you are the king of the forest. I am the king. And if you don't believe it, we can have a fight and prove it." It is said the lion simply disappeared into the forest.

A fox was watching; she could not believe what happened. She went to the lion and asked, "What is the matter?" He said, "Have you gone crazy? If I fight with the donkey, and if the donkey is defeated, he loses nothing. But donkeys are donkeys -- one cannot say anything. If I am defeated I have something to lose. He has nothing to lose; he can challenge."

A poor person is always angry and ready to fight. The richer you get, the milder you become, softer you become. Your energy starts moving into greed.
Kabir's analysis is perfect.

So, when I give up passion, I see that anger remains;
And when I renounce anger, greed is with me still;

AND WHEN GREED IS VANQUISHED, PRIDE AND VAINGLORY REMAIN;

And if greed is vanquished if you renounce your riches, your palaces, your kingdoms -- then vainglory, ego, that remains. But nothing changes radically. You simply go on changing the paint of your house, the color. Everything remains the same; only the color changes from one to another.

WHEN THE MIND IS DETACHED AND CASTS MAYA AWAY, STILL IT CLINGS TO THE LETTER.

And finally, even if you drop everything, then you start clinging to the Vedas, to the Koran, to the Bible -- I am a Hindu, I am a Christian, I am a Mohammedan. You start clinging to the temple, to the mosque, to the GURUDWARA.

Now there is nothing visible to cling to; now you create something invisible. You create gods, theologies, scriptures, and you cling to these verbal things.
The word "God" is not God, but people have been fighting about it. All that you say about God has nothing to do with God because those who have known, they all have said nothing can be said about God. Says Lao Tzu, "If you say something about truth, it becomes untrue." The moment you assert, you falsify; truth cannot be said. But people go on discussing, arguing, "My God is right and your God is wrong."

One of my friends renounced the world and he became a Jaina monk. After many years I came across him and I asked, "You have really renounced the world?" He said, "I have renounced everything. Can't you see? I am sitting naked. I have renounced the society, I have renounced the world, I have renounced everything." I asked him, "But you still think you are a Jaina?" He said, "Certainly I am a Jaina." Now it is very subtle.
The society has taught you that you are a Jaina. You were born in a certain society -- Jaina, Mohammedan, Christian -- and the society has taught you that you are a Jaina. It conditioned your mind. You have left everything, but you cling to the conditioning. You have not left anything at all; you are the same person.
Real renunciation means unconditioning the mind. Real renunciation means you don't belong to any society, you don't belong to any religion, you don't belong to any country -- you don't BELONG, you are alone.

You belong to the whole in your aloneness. But that is possible only by tremendous understanding, intelligence, awareness, not by playing this game of renunciation -- renouncing one thing, creating another, then renouncing that, still creating another.
And remember, when you renounce one thing and something else is created, the second is more subtle than the first and will be more difficult to conquer. Passion you renounce; anger remains. Anger is more subtle than sex. Anger you renounce; greed remains. Greed is more subtle than anger. And greed you renounce; then vainglory, ego, remains. Ego is very, very subtle now. And you even try to drop that, but now the theories, the philosophies, the doctrines, they remain. Something or other remains. You go on changing your prison, but you never become a free man.
I have heard:

From the giant redwoods sector of California comes the yarn of a truck farmer who decided to buy a power saw. A logging foreman sold him one that he guaranteed would cut down fifteen trees in a single day. A week later a very unhappy farmer came back to report that the power saw must be a faulty one -- it averaged only three trees a day. The foreman grabbed the power saw and plugged it into the nearest outlet. The saw promptly went "BZZZZZZ." "Hey," demanded the startled farmer, "what is that noise?"

He was using the power saw without connecting it to any electricity.

Then of course a power saw is not a power saw; then it is an ordinary thing.
You can renounce, you can go on renouncing, and you can do so without plugging into your innermost core, into the powerhouse -- into your inner power of understanding. If it is not plugged in there, then you will be tired and nothing much is going to happen out of it. It is understanding that makes the difference, all the difference. Rather than renouncing, Kabir would like you to understand how the radical change happens.

KABIR SAYS: "LISTEN TO ME, DEAR FRIEND! THE TRUE PATH IS RARELY FOUND."

What is the true path? If renunciation is not the true path, then what is the true path?
Awareness is the true path. Neither indulge nor renounce, but be aware. Do whatsoever you are doing -- do it with full awareness. If you move into passion, move with awareness; and passion becomes prayer, and passion has a totally different quality to it. In the East we have called that quality tantra. The same sex is no longer sex -- it is no longer sexual at all. Once you move into your passion with awareness, you have changed the very quality of it. It is no

longer just physical, it is no longer just a physical release; it is a very deep experience of life. It is a tremendous experience of no-mind. It is a door towards the greatest space possible.
In deep orgasm, if you are aware, you will know for the first time what ecstasy is.

Otherwise you have only heard the word; you have not known its meaning. Only in deep orgasm, if you are aware, if your flame of awareness is burning bright, will you be able to know that sex is not just sex. Sex is the outermost layer; deep inside is love; and even deeper is prayer; and deepest is God himself. Sex can become a cosmic experience; then it is tantra. Sex plus awareness... and something tremendous starts changing.
And the change comes on its own accord. You are not to force it. If you are angry, be alert, and you will be surprised that with alertness anger disappears, it is not possible. And the same energy that was going to be thrown into anger spreads all over your being like a radiance. It becomes your aura, it becomes a light around you -- the same energy. It is no longer heat now; it has become light.
Can't you see it? Heat and light are not two things. Heat becomes light; light can become heat. Anger is heat. Bring awareness to it and it becomes light. And you will be happy that you could become aware, and you will wait for the next opportunity. When anger arises you can again use the opportunity to create more light around you. Once you have known it you will never be angry, because now you know how to use the energy in a far more creative way.
And this is how it happens: with greed, with ego, just one formula, awareness, has to be added to it.

Nothing else is needed to change the outside; only an inner awareness brought to every situation. This is the rarely found truth, the rarely found way.

THE MOON SHINES IN MY BODY, BUT MY BLIND EYES CANNOT SEE IT.

God is within you, but you are not aware.
" THE MOON SHINES IN MY BODY.... " Your body is the temple. "... BUT MY BLIND EYES CANNOT SEE IT:" Don't escape anywhere. Just open your eyes, become more aware, start seeing, have more clarity of vision.

THE MOON IS WITHIN ME, AND SO IS THE SUN.
THE UNSTRUCK DRUM OF ETERNITY IS SOUNDED WITHIN ME;
BUT MY DEAF EARS CANNOT HEAR IT.

This has to be understood very carefully. This is the inner chemistry. The moon and the sun are symbols of the inner alchemy. The moon means the feminine inside you, and the sun means the masculine inside you. Moon is intuition; sun is reason. Moon is yin; sun is yang. This is the Indian terminology for yin and yang. Moon is peace, silence; sun is energy, vitality. Moon is death, sleep, dream, imagination;.sun is awakening, life, logic.
When moon and sun meet within you, there is a great experience. That experience is of unity of oneness -- UNIO MYSTICA. That is the goal of all the mystics -- when the sun and the moon meet within you. This is the real meeting of man and woman.
And once this meeting has happened, then there is BRAHMACHARYA, then there is celibacy, not before it.

If your inner woman has not met with your inner man, you will need some outer woman, or outer man. That's just a substitute. Hence it is never totally satisfying, something always seems missing. You can find the most beautiful woman of the world, or the most beautiful man of the world, and still you will feel something does not fit,

something goes on missing. Nothing is wrong with the man or the woman, nothing is wrong. That feeling that something is missing is coming from somewhere else, and you have not been able to understand from where.
When you fall in love with a woman, what actually happens is that you have an inner woman, and the outer woman somehow reflects the inner woman. That's what falling in love means. For no reason at all. You shrug your shoulders. If somebody asks, "Why have you fallen in love with this woman?" you find rationalizations, that her nose is such, or her hair, or the way she walks -- all foolish things. Hmm? what does a nose have to do with love, or the color of the hair or the way she walks? No, these are nothing. But something fits with your inner woman, with your inner moon. She somehow reflects your inner moon, in some way. It can never be a hundred percent, it cannot be. Because your inner woman is your INNER woman, it cannot be found in the outside. Only reflections can be found in the outside.
When you fall in love with a woman or with a man, you have fallen in love with a mirror.

Sooner or later you will be frustrated.
You must have heard the story of Narcissus. He looked in a silent pool and he saw his own reflection, and he fell in love with it -- and he became so mad. Whenever he would enter the pool, the reflection would disappear. He would search and search and he would not find anybody. He would come to the bank, sit silently, ripples would disappear and the pool would become silent again; and there again would be the object of his love, infatuation. Again he would jump. He went mad, and he died on the bank. In his memory we have the plant narcissus. It grows just by the side of a pond and goes on looking in; you must find the narcissus plant always leaning and looking in the pond. We call it narcissus in memory of that old story; still the plant goes on looking into its own reflection.

Of course, when you see a beautiful woman from far away, the reflection is perfect. Closer you come -- you jump into the pool -- and everything is disturbed and you don't find anything. And you are worried, very much worried. Everything was going so well. What happened? Now you have disturbed the placid surface of the pool. And the same has happened to the woman. She had fallen in love with you because her own inner man somehow coincided. Only a few aspects can coincide.
And it is good that no outer woman can fulfill you totally; otherwise you will never go withinwards.

It is good and a blessing that no outer man can ever satisfy you totally. It can only give glimpses of satisfaction, a taste -- but you become hungrier and hungrier. This is good. That may be the whole purpose of it, so one day you are thrown back into your own self and one day you start looking.
If you ask the brain surgeons, they say there are two brains in your head -- the left and the right. The right-side brain is feminine; the left-side brain is masculine. That's why the left hand has become condemned, because the world, this world at least, up to now, has been dominated by men. The left hand is joined to the right-side brain, the right-side brain is feminine, so the left hand has become the symbol of woman. The right-side hand is joined to the left-side brain, the left-side brain is male, so the right-side hand has become the symbol of man. They say the right is right and, of course, the left is wrong.
One part of your mind functions as reason, intellect, logic, philosophy, science -- the left-side brain. The right-side brain functions as intuition, poetry, imagination, reverie, religion. And both are separate, just bridged by a very small bridge. Sometimes it happens that the bridge can be broken by some accident; then the person becomes split; then he is two persons.
In the UNIO MYSTICA, the bridge becomes broader and

broader and broader, and a moment comes when the right is no longer right and the left is no longer left; they have come into a deep embrace; they have become one.

This is the inner intercourse the tantricas talk about: the inner woman has fallen in love with the inner man. And then there is tremendous grace. Such a man is no longer a man, such a woman is no longer a woman. The transcendence has happened. This man becomes mysterious, this woman becomes mysterious, who has come to the inner meeting, to the inner union.
Human history can be divided into two trends: the moon trend and the sun trend. The politicians, the soldiers, the warriors, they all belong to the sun; and the poets and the mystics and the "lotus-eaters," they all belong to the moon.

In Sanskrit "moon" is called SOMA. It is your moon side which is psychedelic. And Aldous Huxley was right; he has named the ultimate drug SOMA. In the Vedas they talk much about SOMA. Nobody has yet been able to find what exactly it is. Many people have tried -- somebody tries to prove something is SOMA, somebody tries to prove something else IS SOMA. Many mushrooms have been tried in the past, but in fact SOMA IS not a mushroom, it is not marijuana, it is not hash. It is some inner psychedelic. It has nothing to do with the outer chemistry; it is inner alchemy. And the Vedas talk about SOMA as God. Something outside, something injected from the outside or swallowed from the outside, may create an illusion, but that is an illusion. The same thing: the outer woman can only reflect the inner woman; the outer drug -- LSD or psilocybin -- can only reflect the inner drug.

The inner drug is the real thing. And what Allen Ginsberg is doing is absolutely wrong. He is trying to prove that the outer drug is the inner drug. It is not so.
Just a few days before, a young man asked me, "What do

you think, Osho, about hash?" I said, "First thing, don't be so disrespectful about hash. Show a little respect. To rhyme with 'Maharishi Mahesh Yogi' you can call it 'Maharishi HASHISH Yogi,' but be respectful! And if you are not a follower of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, then to rhyme with 'Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh' you can call it 'Bhagwan Shree HASHISH' -- but be respectful!"
In the Vedas they call SOMA God, but they are talking about the inner hash. I am also talking about the inner hash. That which is manufactured outside in a factory may have some reflections of it, but it is not the true thing. The outer is a substitute. When you start moving inside and when the meeting of the sun and moon happens, SOMA is released. Then a very great change happens in your being. You become absolutely calm and quiet... and of course you become tremendously sensitive. Then for the first time your become able to hear and your eyes become able to see and your hands become able to touch. For the first time you become capable of feeling.

The moon shines in my body, but my blind eyes
cannot see it:
The moon is within me, and so is the sun.

The unstruck drum of Eternity is sounded within me;
but my deaf ears cannot hear it.

We are deaf, blind. That is the real problem, the very crux. It is not a question of renouncing anything or escaping from anything. It is a question of becoming more sensitive, more aware, more full of understanding, more of a witness. And then your witnessing starts flowing into your eyes and into your ears, into your body. So what is needed according to Kabir -- and according to me also -- is only one thing, and that is stop being sleepy. Don't live in a slumber-like state. Shake yourself and bring yourself to a little more

awareness. Otherwise you are continuously sleepy -- sometimes with open eyes, sometimes with closed eyes -- but you are sleepy.
And you go on finding rationalizations for your sleep.
I have heard:

Young Rabbi Shmool finally summoned courage to complain to the richest member of his congregation: "I hesitate to bring this up, but do you always fall asleep while I am preaching?" "Look," was the consoling reply, "would I sleep if I did not trust you?"

There are many people around here also who trust me so much that they sleep. They trust: Osho must be saying the right thing, so why bother? He always says the right thing, so we can sleep.
You are moving like a somnambulist. Just because your eyes are blinking, don't think you are aware.

Awareness is an intensity. Sometimes you can feel it. Sometimes in a great danger you become aware. Sometimes if you are driving a car and suddenly you feel an accident is going to happen, you become aware. Then you know intensity. In that moment all thinking stops. You are simply alert. You are no longer functioning as a mind; you function as a consciousness.
One Sufi mystic, Bayazid, used to talk to his disciples about awareness, and they would ask, "But what is awareness? You go on talking about it." One day he took them to the river. On this side there was a small hill, and on the other side there was a small hill. He said, "We are going to put up a long wooden bridge -- just one foot wide -- from this end to the other, and you will have to walk on it. And then you will know what awareness is." They said, "But we have been walking our whole life, and we have never come to know." He said, "Wait," and he did the experiment. Many of them started feeling very afraid, and they said, "We cannot

walk. Just one foot wide?" "But how much do you need to walk on? When you are walking on the earth, you can walk on a one-foot-wide strip easily. Why, why can't you walk on a one-foot-wide strip hanging between two hills? Why can't you walk on it?"
A few people tried. Just two, three feet they went, and they came back, and they said, "It is dangerous." Then Bayazid walked and a few followed, and when they reached the other shore, those few who had followed, they fell at his feet and they said, "Master, now we know what awareness is.

The danger was so much that we could not afford to walk in slumber. We had to be alert. Any moment and we would have been gone forever, so we had to keep alert."
In some rare, dangerous moments you become aware; otherwise not. Awareness means an intensity, such an intensity of wakefulness that no thought interferes. You are simply conscious without any thought. Try it. You can try it anywhere. Walking on the road, walk as if each moment there is danger. And there is danger! because any moment you can die, any moment death is there. If you become a little more understanding you will understand. It is impossible not to be aware if you see that death is possible any moment. Then you cannot live like drunkards.

An exhausted businessman gratefully climbed into his bed in a Washington hotel at midnight, looking forward to a solid nine-hour sleep. At 2 a.m., however, a loud banging on his door awakened him. It was a semi-coherent drunk, angrily declaring, "This is my room. Get out!" It took the executive twenty minutes to get back to sleep. Once more he was awakened by the same drunk an hour later, who still claimed the room was his.
When the drunk woke him up a third time, the executive literally blew his top -- but this time the drunk got in the first words. "So it is you again!" he screamed. "Damn it, are

you occupying EVERY room in this hotel?"

People are moving drunk, not knowing where they are going, for what they are going -- not knowing even whether they are going.

I have heard:

One philosopher was met by a friend at the door of a psychiatrist's office. The friend asked, "Are you coming or going?" The philosopher answered, "If I knew that, I would not be here. Why should I be here at a psychiatrist's office? What would I be doing here if I knew whether I am coming or going?"

Nobody knows really. We are so fast asleep.
Kabir says become more alert. Walking, walk with awareness. Eating, eat with awareness. Talking, talk with awareness. Listening, listen with awareness. Be more and more attentive. The more attentive you are, the more intensely attentive you are, the more your life will start changing. And this will be a change that you are not bringing to it. It will happen on its own accord; it will be a natural growth, spontaneous.
Kabir's path is called SAHAJ SAMADHI YOGA -- the path of spontaneous ecstasy. SAHAJ means "spontaneity." Kabir is not in favor of any cultivated life pattern. Become aware, and out of that awareness, whatsoever form your life takes, let it take it. You just be aware. Then you have changed the very roots.
And by changing the very roots you have changed the whole tree. It is futile to go on changing a single leaf each time, and changing branches -- sometimes anger, sometimes sex, sometimes greed, and then there are a thousand and one leaves.

Why not change the roots? The root problem is that you are living an unconscious life, and the root change will be that you start living a conscious life.
Kabir is not in favor of any repression. Renunciation will be repressive.
I have heard:

The demonstration turned into a riot. One priest staggered out of the crowd carrying the limp form of a girl. "Here," said a cop, "hand her to me, Father -- I will get her out of this." "The hell with you," said the priest. "Go and get one of your own."

The priest, the celibate, the BRAHMACHARI, deep down they are in a mess. You are far better. At least you are natural; they are perverted. Repression will bring perversion; it will not bring transformation. And renunciation cannot mean anything else other than repression.
No, Kabir is not in favor of any repression. Kabir says live a natural life. Just one thing: make it more alert. And changes will happen -- millions of changes will happen -- and you will not have to do them; they will happen. And when change happens on its own accord, it has a beauty to it, it has grace, elegance. When you force it upon yourself it is ugly -- it cripples, it paralyzes.
And you can change one thing; sooner or later something else will be there. Only the name of the problem will be changed.

Once I was wandering through a toy department of a big store during the holiday rush when the loudspeaker announced: Mrs.

Arthur Jones reports that her seven-year-old son, Spike, has been lost. Will Spike Jones please come immediately to the manager's office?" A small boy inspecting an electric

train display alongside me was visibly depressed by this announcement.
"Damn it," he grumbled, "I am lost again!"

You can repress one thing. You will be lost again in something else. You can repress that; you will be lost again in something else. This is no way to come home. The only way to come home is that of awareness.

Natural, spontaneous, aware. Let these three words become key words, and you will be surrounded with a great revolution -- and you will be a witness to it.
Kabir is not giving you any program to improve yourself. All improvement is silly in a way because you remain the same. Modified a little here and there, decorated here or there, but you remain the same. Clothes change, ornaments change; you remain the same. Kabir is not giving you any program to improve yourself. Kabir is giving you a radical approach -- how to be transformed, transfigured -- how to die to the old and be born again -- totally new, absolutely new, fresh and virgin.
Be natural, be spontaneous, be aware. Let these three words become your very key. And this is a master key; it can unlock all the doors, all the locks.
Once you have become natural, spontaneous, and aware, the unstruck drum of eternity will be heard.

The unstruck drum of eternity, that's what in Zen they call the sound of one hand clapping. In India they call it the ANAHAT NAD -- the unstruck drum. It is sounding from the very beginning, endlessly sounding; it is eternally there. The world is full of music, melody, harmony, ecstasy. Just if you become natural you will fall in tune with it. If you become spontaneous you will become sensitive and responsive to it. If you become aware you will be able to hear it.
God is all around; it is only that you are not sensitive

enough to feel him. God is within and without; you just have to shake yourself and come to your senses. You are in your head too much. Come down to your senses, become more sensitive. When you become more sensitive you are bridged with reality, you start dancing with reality, you start singing with reality... a great benediction arises in you. And only then can you say a thank you to God, never before it. Only then do you feel how grateful you are, how much has been given to you and has not even been appreciated by you.
This existence is fantastic, it is marvelous, it is incredibly beautiful.

THE END.

Chapter : 4:The way of religion

Question 1
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CRYSTALLIZED SELF AND A BIG, STRONG EGO?

THEY LOOK ALIKE, but they are as different as two things can be. Not only different, they are diametrically opposite. The crystallized self is not a self at all. It is called a crystallized "self," but it is not a self at all. And the big, strong ego is neither big nor strong. It is very hollow; how can it be strong? It is very empty; how can it be strong? And how can it be big? It is neither big nor strong, but it has the selfhood in it, the "I-amness," the feeling that "I am."
The ego is the self. The real self is not a self at all. We develop the ego just to hide the fact that we don't know who we are. It is very hard to see that we are so ignorant about ourselves, that we don't know. To hide this ignorance, we create the ego. Ego is a deception. It is a deception that you are giving to yourself. It is really difficult to live without self-knowing, so we create a false ego. It gives a little consolation. One starts feeling that one knows who one is.
It simply hides ignorance; that's why all the religions insist on dropping the ego. When you drop the ego and you face your inner being, the vastness of it is such that you cannot define it as "I am." The vastness is so much that it cannot be contained within any concept. You cannot call it "I."

It is all; how can you call it "I"? The real self, the real inner being, is God himself; it is all.
But one has to face it. In the beginning, when you face it, it looks as if it is nothing. That is the fear. The all looks like nothing in the first encounter. If you get in tune with it, by

and by the negativity disappears and you start feeling the positive existence of it. Then it becomes your soul call it "God," "being," or any word that you want to choose -- call it "enlightenment," "awareness." But one thing is certain: you are not there. Something is there -- tremendously vital, infinite -- but you are not there.
This will look like a paradox: when you come to know yourself you are not there; when you don't know yourself you are there. You exist only in your ignorance. When knowledge has happened -- when KNOWING has happened -- you disappear. You disappear like darkness -- just as when the sun rises the darkness disappears. You disappear like darkness when awareness arises. The awareness does not belong to you; it has nothing to do with you. In fact you are the barrier for it. It is because of you that it is not arising.
People come to me and they say, "Osho, I would like to become enlightened." I say to them, "It is very difficult, it is impossible. I cannot help you." They say, "Why? Why can't you help?" I say, "From the very beginning you are putting such a condition: you say, 'I want to become enlightened.'

This 'I' is the barrier. This 'I' is not allowing you to know your enlightenment -- which is already there. The 'I' never becomes enlightened; the 'I' is the unenlightened state. The 'I' is the darkness."
Enlightenment is possible, but it will be possible only when you are ready to lose yourself. That is the meaning of Jesus' saying when he says, "If you lose, you will gain. If you don't lose, you will lose." In losing is the gain. In forgetting is the remembrance. In dissolving, you become crystallized.
The crystallized self is a no-self, it is all; and the big, strong ego is very tiny, not big at all. The tiniest thing in the world is the ego, and the hollowest thing in the world is the ego, and the weakest thing in the world is the ego; because it is the falsest thing possible. It exists not; it is a pretension.

Question 2
PLEASE WILL YOU EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT "THE WAY OF RELIGION" MEANS? I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SO STRONGLY AGAINST RELIGION THAT I CANNOT IMAGINE WHAT IT MEANS. BUT, ANYHOW, I SUPPOSE IT IS THE WAY OF TOTAL ALONENESS. AND THIS MAKES ME A LITTLE UNEASY. SINCE YOU GAVE ME SANNYAS, I FEEL LIKE I AM IN AN ABYSS. OTHER PEOPLE ARE NOT REACHABLE FOR ME; I AM ONLY FIXED UP TO THE FIRE OF YOUR EYES -- A TREMENDOUS POONA FICTION STORY.

Right, I am creating a fiction here: the fiction of the Master and the disciple, the fiction of the god and the devotee.

It is really a myth, but very alive. And there is no way to come to the truth unless you pass through a great mythology. Man is lost in lies. From lies there is no direct way to truth. Myth is a bridge between the lie and the truth. A myth partakes of something of the lie and something of the truth; it is a bridge.
Yes, you are right. This is a tremendous Poona fiction story. Whatsoever is happening here is very fictitious -- these people in orange, and so many crazy things going on, and I am supporting you and leading you towards nowhere and promising you things which cannot be promised.
Man lives in lies, God lives in the truth; but how to bridge both? Man is a lie, God is a truth; how to bridge both? It is very impossible. Myth is the way -- fiction, yes, a spiritual fiction. All the religions are fictitious, all the mythologies are fictitious, but they are of tremendous help. A mythology has something of the truth in it -- maybe just a reflection -- and something of the lie in it. You can move through the myth towards truth.
And if an alive myth is available, don't miss it, because a dead myth loses all contact with truth. It becomes a lie. That's why religion has to be born again and again. When

Jesus is alive, the Christian myth is alive. Then people traveled through that myth and reached to truth. Jesus gone: the myth is there but the truth is gone.

When myth is there and Jesus is no longer there, the other shore is missing; then it is again just a lie, just a fiction -- with no grounding in the truth.
Christianity is a lie; Jesus is a myth.
Krishna is a myth; Hinduism is a lie.
That's why down through the centuries it has always been emphasized that if you can find an alive Master, don't miss the opportunity. An alive Master is a myth -- something of the untrue and something of the true, both. Something of the untrue means something of the human, and something of the true means something of the divine. That's why the Gospel says Jesus is the son of man AND the son of God. This is a myth. Being the son of man and the son of God is an impossibility, but that's what a myth is: God and man meeting, son of God and son of man -- something of the lie and something of the truth.
But Jesus gone, then only lies remain. The Pope is not a myth, neither is the Shankaracharya of Puri -- dead. They don't speak from their own experience; they speak from tradition.
A myth is a very fragile flower, like a rose flower. In the morning it is there in all its glory -- even Solomon will feel jealous -- and by the evening it is gone. How fragile, and how strong. In the morning breeze, how strong it was and how beautiful. Even the vast sky must have felt jealous, and even the sun himself must have felt jealous.

A rose flower is a rose flower -- so small, and yet so beautiful; so fragile, and so vital and so alive, so fragrant. By the evening, the petals have fallen into the earth and the flower is gone.
A Jesus is also fragile, a Buddha also.
While I am here, it is a myth -- an alive myth with a heart,

beating. Use this opportunity. When I am gone, it will be a lie.
And this is the misery: that by the time people come to know, the flower is gone. When the flower is gone, they will worship for centuries and centuries. They will worship the past, the dead, the grave. When the flower is alive, they will deny, they will escape, they will protect and defend themselves against it. They may even destroy the flower because the very existence of the flower makes them feel very sad. The very existence of the flower makes them aware of their smallness, their ugliness. The flower creates a contrast.
Hence they crucify Jesus and poison Socrates and kill Mansur. And then they worship. The same people who kill Jesus will worship him. They will even worship the cross, because Jesus died on the cross. And these are the same people. The murderers and the worshipers are not different. The enemies and the believers are not different. These are the same people -- the same human mind and the same human stupidity.
Yes, it is a fiction that I am creating here, but it is alive.

That is the difference. While I am here, the myth is an alive bridge; you can pass through it towards the unknown.

The questioner has asked: "What do you mean by 'the way of religion'? I have always been so strongly against religion that I cannot imagine what it means." True. If you are against religion, how can you understand it? If you are FOR religion, then too you cannot understand it. The people who are for and against can never understand because they have decided a priori -- without experiencing they have decided. They are prejudiced.

If you have decided God exists, you will never be able to know him. If you have decided God does not exist, how can

you know him?
Be more vulnerable. Don't be so prejudiced, don't decide. Experience, and let experience be decisive. Never decide before the experience -- never, never. Otherwise you will always be surrounded by your prejudice and your prejudice will become a screen. And that won't allow you to see that which is.
"The way of religion" is the way of truth, the way of nature. The word "religion" comes from a root which means "to tie you together" -- RELIGARE. Ordinarily you have fallen apart from existence. You have forgotten that you are not in rhythm with existence. You have started moving on your own. You have lost contact with the real. Yon have started living in your imagination.

That is what I call the lie. You have started living a private life; you are no longer living an existential life. You have become "idiots." The word "idiot" is beautiful; it comes from a root which means "one who lives a private life." One who has his own idiom of life, that is the idiot. The world is going one way and you are going another: then you are an idiot. The whole existence moving in one way and you have your own private goal!
A man who is after money is an idiot, because the sun is not after money, the moon is not after money, trees are not after money, animals are not after money -- rivers, mountains, they are not so idiotic. The whole existence lives without money and a man is mad after money. He suffers from idiocy, the greatest disease there is: he has a private goal. If someday he comes to face God and God asks him, "What were you seeking?" and he says, "Money," God will not be able to understand what he means by "money." He may not ever have heard the word "money." It will be very difficult to explain to him. Some great economist maybe -- Adam Smith or Ricardo or Galbraith or somebody -- may be able to explain, but I'm suspicious. God will not be able to understand what money is. The

whole existence lives without money. Man has created an idiocy.
Or you say, "I was after political power." God will not be able to understand. It will be very difficult to explain it to him, that you wanted to become a minister or a prime minister or a president.

He will ask, "For what? Why in the first place should one ever be mad after power? And I have given you all the power that you need. And I have given you all the possibilities to be blissful that you need. For what were you wasting these opportunities, life?... and sacrificing everything for some foolish, stupid thing -- that you would like to sit on a throne?" Just think of your great emperors. How stupid and foolish. But man has created his idiocies. "The way of religion" means not to be idiotic -- don't have any private goal. The universal goal is enough. Be in tune with it, be together with it. Don't fight it; flow with it. Wherever the whole is going, move with it, and you will not have any worry and you will not have any anguish and you will not be split and will not be torn apart. Religion means that which puts you together. You are not torn apart, you are not falling in fragments; you become integrated. Religion is the science of how to find the forgotten language of ecstasy. Whenever you are in tune with existence, there is ecstasy, there is bliss, there is benediction.
It happens to you too. You may not be aware. Sometimes, looking at the trees, and the greenery fills you: suddenly you are in tune with the trees. You are no longer the observer and the trees are no longer the observed; you are not separate. Something bridges you; suddenly there is a contact, a connectedness, a link.

Your mind stops chattering, you are as silent as the tree. You start feeling. Your heart throbs with a new vitality and a new vibe... and there is bliss. And you are so fulfilled

and so contented.
The tree has not given you anything. The tree is very poor in that way. What can a tree give to a human being? It cannot give you money, it cannot give you power. It cannot give anything that you would like to have, but suddenly, just sitting by the side of the tree, leaning against it, feeling it, feeling its shape arising in it, the fragrance that subtly surrounds it; and you were lost, you were ecstatic. You were in tune. By being in tune with the tree, you became in tune with the universe.
Sometime sitting by the side of the river and watching it... and everything becomes quiet and calm. Not that you do something to become quiet and calm. Not that you do something to become quiet and calm. Nobody can do anything. And if you do, it is absurd. You can sit still like a Buddha statue; that is not going to help.
A disciple came to Bokuju, and to impress him, he sat like Buddha. Bokuju came and the disciple was absolutely still, with closed eyes. Bokuju laughed loudly and hit him hard on the head, and he said, "Get up, you fool! We already have too many Buddhas in this temple! Get out from here! Can't you see?" Bokuju used to live in a temple which had one thousand Buddha statues; he said, "Can't you see? One thousand Buddhas are here, and you also want to become a Buddha?"
The disciple was very much worried.

He wanted to impress the Master; that "I am a great meditator." And Bokuju said, "Drop all this rubbish. Be alive. Don't pretend, and don't enforce." Yes, one day one sits like Buddha, but that is nothing of your doing. It comes, it happens; it is not a doing at all.
Listening to the sound of water or looking at the floating clouds in the sky, suddenly it is there. It envelops you. You have fallen in tune with existence.
These rare moments by and by make you aware of why you are miserable. You are miserable because you are not

with the existence. Somehow you are struggling against it. You are miserable because you are not surrendered to the whole. The part is trying to conquer the whole. See the foolishness of it.
Even a man like Bertrand Russell has written a book, "Conquest of Nature." "Conquest"? You are trying to conquer nature? Who are you? It is as if one of my fingers tries to conquer me. We are part of nature. We ARE nature, expressions of the same nature, of the same vastness. How can we conquer it? How can the part conquer the whole? The part will only be unhappy if it tries to conquer the whole, because defeat is certain -- absolutely certain. Frustration is certain -- absolutely certain. The part will be miserable. You are miserable, in anguish, in anxiety, in tension, getting almost neurotic because you are trying to conquer nature.
The East has a totally different message.

Religion is the Eastern message. All the great religions were born in the East. The West has not given birth to a single religion; it has given birth to great science, great scientific endeavor, but not to religion. Science is a human, idiotic effort to conquer nature. Religion is to fall in tune with nature. Call it religion, call it TAO, call it DHARMA; it means the same: to fall in tune with nature.
But it will be difficult if you have certain ideas implanted in you for or against. A Christian cannot be a religious man, neither can a Hindu be, nor a communist. A theist cannot be religious, an atheist cannot be religious; they are already full of ideas. They have already decided, without experiencing anything.
Here I am not trying to convince you about any ideology. I am trying to help you to drop all ideology so you become empty, pure, virgin, your eyes become unclouded and you attain to a clarity. In that clarity you will understand what religion is. Not through books, not through Bibles and the Koran and the Vedas, no, but through clarity. When the

part looks at the whole and understands "I am part of this whole" and feels happy -- "This vastness is my vastness; I am not separate from it; I am one with it" -- and starts dancing in that oneness, religion is born. Religion is not an ideology; it is an experience.
"But, anyhow, I suppose it is the way of total aloneness."

Please, don't start supposing. Religion is not a supposition. It is not "if," "but," no. Either you know it or you don't know it. Please, don't suppose. How can you suppose? "But, anyhow I suppose.... " Why? How can you suppose? If you don't know, you don't know. Supposition gives you a notion of false knowledge -- AS IF you know. Stop supposing. Just know that you don't know, and remain in that pure ignorance. If you can stay in your ignorance -- which needs great courage.... Knowledge is cheap. To remain in ignorance is a very courageous act. There are very rare people who can remain ignorant, without supposing anything, because the mind hankers to cling to something, suppose something. It supposes "There is God" -- okay. If it supposes "There is not God," then it insists that there is no God -- then you cling to the "no God." Even a negative concept will do, but no concept? Then you feel empty, so you fill up, you stuff yourself with suppositions. No, then you will never know what truth is. Truth is not a supposition. When you don't suppose anything, truth arises.
Whatsoever you suppose will be your supposition. It will reflect your mind -- and you don't know. Can't you see the simple fact of it that your supposition will become a China wall? How can you suppose? Just see the fact that "I don't know."
Be an agnostic, and that is the sure step towards religion.

Agnosticism is the base of all religion. A religious person is always agnostic. He says, "I don't know, this way or that, and I am not so stupid as to suppose anything. I

will remain in my ignorance and I will look around. If I come across an experience, I should like to remain open, vulnerable, so nothing is distorted."
"But, anyhow, I suppose it is the way of total aloneness."
Whatsoever you suppose will be wrong. Even the word "aloneness" will be wrong because in fact you mean LONELINESS. You don't mean aloneness, you cannot. Aloneness is a totally different thing from loneliness. Loneliness is when you miss the other; aloneness is when you enjoy yourself. These are totally different things. Loneliness is a misery; aloneness is ecstatic. When you are so happy with yourself, when you are in love with yourself, when your own aloneness fills you tremendously like a presence, then... then it is aloneness. When you are empty, blank, dark, and you are missing the other and you want somehow to stuff yourself with something.... When people are left alone, they will go to the fridge and start eating something, or they will put on the tv or the radio, or they will start reading the same newspaper that they have read three times since the morning -- again they will start looking at it. Or they will start thinking where to go -- to go to see a movie, a concert, or just go shopping; but DO something.

Loneliness is intolerable -- it is a suffering, it is a hell. Aloneness is a beauty. It is such a pristine moment of tremendous happiness that nothing is comparable to it. In this whole life, there is nothing comparable to the beauty and blessedness of aloneness.
When you are alone you are a god. When you are lonely you are just nothing, just empty, hollow, a black hole. That's why you say, "But, anyhow, I suppose it is the way of total aloneness." You don't know what aloneness is, and you don't know what totality is. Because if you know totality, you have known God. Totality is what God is all about. The sum total of existence is what God is. We can

drop the word "God." Call it "totality," that will do -- and will do even better than the word "God" because "God" has been used so much by wrong people. Politicians, priests, they all talk about "God."
"God" has passed through so many wrong lips, it is almost a dirty word. "Totality" is better -- the total. But you don't know what "total" is. You know only yourself -- the ego. The ego is against the total, afraid of the total. Surrender brings you to totality, to an experience.
And remember -- "And this makes me a little uneasy"that's why I say you cannot suppose aloneness, because aloneness never makes anybody uneasy. It makes one so ecstatically happy that you cannot imagine, you have not even dreamed about it.

A Buddha is alone, a Mahavir is alone, a Kabir is alone -- and they are alone even when they are in the crowd. You cannot destroy their aloneness. Their aloneness is a crystallized phenomenon.
Try to understand this. You are born alone; you die alone. These two are the greatest moments in life: birth and death. You are born alone; you die alone. The greatest moments of life -- the beginning and the end -- are in aloneness. When you meditate you again become alone. That's why meditation is both -- a death and a birth. You die to the past and you are born to the new, to the unknown.
Even in love, when you think you are together, you are not together. There are two alonenesses. In real love nothing is lost. When two lovers are sitting -- if they are really lovers and they don't try to possess each other and they don't try to dominate each other, because that is not love; that is the way of hatred, the way of violence -- if they love and if the love is coming out of their aloneness, you will see two beautiful alonenesses together. They are like two Himalayan peaks, high in the sky, but separate. They don't interfere. In fact deep love only reveals your pure

aloneness to you.
All that is true and all that is real will always bring you to aloneness. But you are afraid and you say it makes you a little uneasy.
There are a few things which can only be done alone.

Love, prayer, life, death, aesthetic experiences, blissful moments -- they all come when you are alone. When you are in love you think you are with somebody. Maybe the somebody is just reflecting your aloneness, the somebody is just a mirror in which your aloneness is reflected But the deeper you move in love, the deeper you know that even your lover cannot penetrate there. Your aloneness is absolute -- and it is good that it is so; otherwise you will be a public thing. Then you will not have any innermost core where you can be alone. Then you can be violated. But your aloneness is absolute; nobody can violate it.
You can kill me, but you cannot destroy my aloneness. That is my freedom. You can put me in a bondage, but you cannot put my aloneness in a bondage. Even in your jail I will be alone. Aloneness.is my intrinsic nature. It cannot be destroyed; nobody can take it away.
Let me tell you one anecdote so that it doesn't become too serious.

Sue met her friend Alice on the street one afternoon and noticed that Alice was well along the road of pregnancy.
"You know," Sue said, "I would have given anything to have a baby, but I guess it is hopeless."
"I know just how you feel," Alice said. "My husband was that way too. But everything is fine now; in fact I am eight months pregnant."
"What did you do?"
"I went to a faith healer."

"Oh, we tried that," Sue said. "My husband and I went there

for six months."
"Don't be silly," Alice told her. "Go alone."

There are a few things for which one should go alone. Meditation is one of those things, God is one of those things, death is one of those things; one should go alone. But the questioner is uneasy because it is only a supposition. A supposition is a supposition; it doesn't help to understand. It hinders.

"Since you gave me sannyas, I feel like I am in an abyss." Exactly right. That's what sannyas is. Sannyas is nothing but throwing you into your inner abyss, taking away everything that you cling to, taking away all that you possess, taking away your very possessiveness. Sannyas is a VIA NEGATIVA. I go on taking things away from you -- your thinking, your ideology, your religion, your church, your Bible, your Koran. I go on taking away. By and by I will leave you alone; everything is taken away from you. Now you will feel as if you are in an abyss, but this abyss is just a transitory period.
You feel like you are in an abyss because now you cannot cling to anything. Relax, rest in this abyss... and suddenly the whole gestalt changes. Then you know that this abyss is your nature and there is no need to cling to anything. This is how you are. This inner silence is your nature. This inner thoughtlessness is your nature.

This aloneness is nothing to be afraid of; this aloneness has to be tasted, chewed well, digested. And you will see, out of this aloneness bliss arises, bliss flowers.
But there will be a transitory period when you will not be able to cling and you will not be able to know what is going to happen and you will be just in between. Christian mystics have named those days rightly; they call them "the dark night of the soul." The old light has disappeared and the new has not arisen yet. It is almost like you come from

the outside -- it is hot, burning sun and your eyes are dazzled -- you come into your room and you cannot see anything; it seems almost dark. You sit and you rest for a while; and by and by it is no longer dark. Your eyes become settled. Your focus changes and you can see now; you are no longer dazzled by the hot sun.
For lives together you have been outside in the hot sun. You have lived a miserable life -- again and again the same miserable life. You have become attuned to it. When you come to your inner being, you see only darkness, abyss, emptiness. You don't see anything. You become afraid. Rest a little while, let your eyes be settled, and you will be able to see a light arising -- a light with no heat, a flame without heat, a light which is cool. When you have started feeling it, then you know that sannyas throws you into an abyss just to bring you to an enlightened state of being.

That abyss is the price we pay.

Question 3
IN YOUR LECTURES YOU TALK ABOUT GURDJIEFF, RAMAN, RAMAKRISHNA, BASHO, AND OTHERS WHO ARE PHYSICALLY NOT ALIVE, BUT WHY DON'T YOU TALK ABOUT THE ENLIGHTENED PERSONS WHO ARE PHYSICALLY ALIVE TODAY?

The question is from Swami Yoga Chinmaya. He has the knack of asking foolish questions.
Now, if there is some enlightened person alive, he can talk for himself. Why should I talk for him? So I talk about the dead people because they cannot talk themselves. This is so simple.

Question 4
THERE WAS A LITTLE POLAR BEAR WHO ASKED HIS MOTHER, " WAS MY DADDY ALSO A POLAR BEAR?" "OF COURSE YOUR DADDY WAS A POLAR BEAR."

"BUT," GOES ON THE LITTLE ONE AFTER A WHILE, "MOMMY, JUST TELL ME, WAS MY GRANDFATHER ALSO A POLAR BEAR?"
" YES, HE WAS ALSO A POLAR BEAR."
TIME GOES BY AND THE LITTLE ONE KEEPS ASKING HIS MOTHER, "BUT WHAT ABOUT MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER? WAS HE A POLAR BEAR AS WELL?"
" YES, HE WAS. BUT WHY ARE YOU ASKING?"
"BECAUSE I AM FREEZING."

I WAS TOLD MY FATHER WAS A POLAR BEAR, I WAS TOLD MY GRANDFATHER WAS A POLAR BEAR, I WAS TOLD MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS A POLAR BEAR; BUT I AM FREEZING. HOW CAN I CHANGE THIS, OSHO?

I happen to know your father, and I happen to know your grandfather, and I happen to know your great-grandfather too; and they were also freezing.

And their mothers were telling the same story to them! -- that your father was a polar bear and your grandfather was a polar bear and your great-grandfather was a polar bear.
If you are freezing, you are freezing. These stories won't help. This simply proves that even polar bears freeze. Look at the reality and don't move into traditions and don't go into the past. If you are freezing, you are freezing. And this is not a consolation at all -- that you are a polar bear.
These consolations have been given to humanity. When you are dying, you are dying; somebody comes and says, "Don't be afraid; the soul is immortal." Now, you are dying.
I have heard about a Jew who fell on a road and was dying; it was a heart attack. A crowd gathered, and they looked for some religious people, some religious person, some priest, because the man was dying. A Catholic priest came out, not knowing who the person was. He went close to the dying man and said, "Do you believe? Do you declare that

you believe in the Trinity -- God the Father and the Holy Ghost and the Son Jesus Christ?"
The dying Jew opened his eyes and he said, "I am dying, and he is talking in riddles. Now what am I to do with this trinity? I am dying. What nonsense are you talking about?"
A man is dying and you console him that the soul is immortal. These consolations are of no help. Somebody is in misery and you tell him, "Don't be miserable.

It is just psychological." How does it help? You make him even more miserable These theories are not of much help. They have been invented to console, to dieceive.
If you are freezing, you are freezing. Rather than asking whether your father was a polar bear, do some exercise. Jump, jog, or do Dynamic Meditation; and you won't freeze, I promise you. Forget all about your father and grandfather and great-grandfather. Just listen to your reality. If you are freezing, then do something. And something can always be done. But this is no way; you are on a wrong track. You can go on asking and asking, and of course the poor mother goes on consoling you.
The question is beautiful, very meaningful, has tremendous import. This is how humanity is suffering. Listen to suffering. Look into the problem and don't try to find any solutions outside the problem. Look directly into the problem and you will always find the solution there. Look into the question; don't ask for the answer.
For example, you can go on asking, "Who am I?" You can go to the Christian and he will say, "You are a son of God, and God loves you very much." And you will be puzzled, because how can God love you?
A priest told Mulla Nasrudin, "God loves you very much."
He said, "How can he love me? He does not even know me."
And the priest said, "That's why he can love you.

We know you. We cannot love you -- it is too difficult." Or you go to the Hindus and ask, and they say, "You are God himself." Not the son of God; you are God himself. But still you have your headache and your migraine and you are very much puzzled at how the God can have a migraine... and it doesn't solve the problem.
If you want to ask, "Who am I?" don't go to anybody. Sit silently and ask deeper into your own being. Let the question resound. Not verbally. Existentially, let the question be there like an arrow piercing your heart: "Who am I?" And go with the question.

And don't be in a hurry to answer it, because if you answer it, that answer must have come from somebody else -- some priest, some politician, some tradition. Don't answer from your memory, because your memory is all borrowed. Your memory is just like a computer, very dead. Your memory has nothing to do with knowing. It has been fed into you. So when you ask, "Who am I?" and your memory says, "You are a great soul," watch out. Don't fall into the trap. You just discard all this rubbish; it is all rot. Just go on asking, "Who am I?... Who am I?... Who am I?..." and one day you will see, the question too has disappeared. There is only a thirst left -- "Who am I?" Not the question, really, but a thirst -- your whole being throbbing with the thirst -- "Who am I?"
And one day you will see, not even you are there: there is only thirst.

And in that intense, passionate state of your being, suddenly you will realize something has exploded. Suddenly you have come face to face with yourself and you know who you are.
There is no way to ask your father, "Who am I?" He does not know himself who he is. There is no way to ask your grandfather or great-grandfather. Don't ask! Don't ask the mother, don't ask the society, don't ask the culture, don't

ask the civilization. Ask your own innermost core. If you really want to come to know the answer, go inwards; and from that inward experience, change happens.
You ask, "How can I change this?" You cannot change it. First you have to face your reality, and that very encounter will change you.

A reporter was trying to get a human-interest story out of an old, old man at a state-supported home for the aged.
"Pop," asked the brash reporter, "how would you feel if you suddenly got a letter telling you that a forgotten relative had left you five million dollars?"
"Son," came the answer slowly, "I would still be ninety-four years old."

Do you get it? The old man is saying, "I am ninety-four years old. Even if I get five million dollars, what am I supposed to do with it? I will still be ninety-four years old."
What Buddha says, what Mahavir says, what Christ says, iS of no help to you. You are freezing -- you are still ninety-four years old.

Even if the whole knowledge of the world is poured into your head, it is not going to help: you are still freezing -- you are still ninety-four years old. Unless some experience arises in you, some vital experience that transforms your being and you become young again, alive again, nothing is of any value.
So don't ask others. That is the first lesson to be learned. Ask yourself. And then too remember -- because others have put answers there already, so those answers will be coming -- avoid those answers. The question is yours, so nobody else's answer can be of any help. The question is yours; the answer has to be yours too.
Buddha has drunk and he is satisfied. Jesus has drunk and he is ecstatic. I have drunk, but how is that going to help YOUR thirst? You will have to drink yourself.

It happened, a great Sufi mystic was asked by an emperor to come to his court and pray for them. The mystic came, but he refused to pray. He said, "It is impossible. How can I pray for you?" Said the mystic, "There are a few things one has to do oneself. For example, if you want to make love to a woman, you have to make it yourself. I cannot do it for you on your behalf. Or if you have to blow your nose, you have to blow it yourself. I cannot blow my nose on your behalf; that won't be of any help. And so is prayer. How can I pray for you? You pray. I can pray for myself."

And he closed his eyes and moved into great prayer. That's what I can do. For me the problem has disappeared, but it has not disappeared by anybody else's answer. I have not asked anybody. In fact the whole effort has been to drop all the answers that others have given -- very generously.

People go on giving you advice. They are very generous in their advice. They may not be generous in anything else, but in advice they are very generous, great people. Whether you ask or not they go on giving advice. Advice is the only thing that is given so much and that is never taken. Nobody takes it.

I have heard about two bums sitting under a tree, and one was saying, "I landed into this state because I never listened to anybody's advice."

And the other said, "Brother,I landed here because I followed everybody's advice."

The journey has to be your own.

You are freezing, I know. You are miserable, I know. Life is hard, I know. And I have no consolation for you. And I don't believe in consoling you, because all consolation becomes a postponement. The mother says to the child bear, "Yes, your father was a polar bear," and for a little while he tries not to freeze because polar bears are not supposed to freeze. But it doesn't help. Again he asks, "Mother, was my grandfather also a polar bear?" He is trying to know, "Was

there something in my heritage that had gone wrong; that's why I am freezing?" And the mother says, "Yes, your grandfather was also a polar bear."

Again he tries to postpone freezing, but you cannot postpone it. You can delay a little; again it is there. Reality cannot be avoided. Theorizations are of no help at all. Forget theories and listen to the fact. You are miserable? Then misery has to be looked into. You are angry? That anger has to be looked into. You feel sexual? Then forget what others say about it; just look into it yourself. It is your life, and you have to live it. Don't borrow. Never be secondhand. God loves people who are firsthand. He has never been known to love carbon copies. You just be firsthand, be original, be unique, be individual, be yourself, and look into your problems.
And there is only one thing I can say to you: that in your problem, there is hidden the solution. The problem is just a seed. If you go into it deeply, the solution will sprout out of it. Your ignorance is the seed. If you go deeply into it, knowledge will flower out of it. Your shivering, your freezing, is the problem. Go into it, and warmth will arise out of it.
In fact all is given to you -- question and answer both, the problem and the solution both, ignorance and knowledge both. You just have to look inwards.

Question 5
I HAVE HEARD, A MAN IN AN ORANGE ROBE ENTERED THE VRINDAVAN JUICE BAR, BARGED UP TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, AND DEMANDED TEA AND CAKE. HE PAID WITH A HUNDRED-RUPEE NOTE AND COMPLAINED ABOUT THE COST AND THE LONG LINEUP.

AFTER CHOOSING THE BIGGEST PIECE OF CAKE AND THE BIGGEST CUP, HE TOOK OVER AN OLD LADY'S SEAT AND PROCEEDED TO GOBBLE THE FOOD. A BYSTANDER,

PUZZLED BY HIS BEHAVIOR, ASKED THE MEANING OF IT. "WHY," HE EXPLAINED, "OSHO SAID THAT ONLY A CRYSTALLIZED EGO CAN BE DROPPED."

There is more possibility to misunderstand me than to understand me. And in misunderstanding, you will find much solace, much consolation.
Just the other day, Mulla Nasrudin came to me, and he said, "Enough is enough -- I cannot trust you anymore."
I said, "What happened, Nasrudin? You have been such a long-obedient disciple to me."
He said, "Now it is too much. Just the other day I was at the racetrack. Somebody's change had fallen, so I was picking it up, and there comes a blind, or mad or drunk guy, and he saddles me as if I am a horse."
So I said, "Why didn't you stand up?"
He said, "But you have said accept everything, so I said Osho says accept totally. So I accept it and I try to see now what happens -- and the madman jumps on me."
I was also intrigued; I said, "Then what did you do?"
He said, "What can I do? I have to run -- and I come third in the race! Now this is too much! I cannot trust you anymore!"
There is every possibility to misunderstand me and there is every possibility to find rationalizations. This is how the mind goes on being foolish, the mind goes on playing around, fooling around.

It always finds ways to protect itself. If I say drop the ego, you say okay, and you try to drop it; and then the ego becomes your humbleness and you start moving around with your nose up, looking at everybody as if everybody is condemned to hell. And you have that look of "holier than thou" and "I am the most humble man around here." If I say the ego has to become big, only then it bursts, then you say, "Okay. That's what we have been always trying. Now you are also supporting it -- so far so good."

When are you going to understand me? When you listen to me, always remember, your mind is there to corrupt it. Unless you are very, very watchful, your mind will pollute it. And mind is so cunning, it can always find a way out. And it is so clever, it can always make rationalizations look like reasons.

Question 6
DEAR OSHO, THERE ARE MORE AND MORE NON-MOMENTS, PERIODS OF NO TIME, ESPECIALLY WHEN TALKING WITH OTHERS, WHEN SUDDENLY I AM NOT TALKING ANYMORE, TALKING IS JUST HAPPENING: THERE IS A FLOW, A SENSE OF POWER AND WHOLENESS, HANDS MOVE IN PERFECT SYNCHRONIZATION WITH THOUGHT FEELINGS, SPACE EXPANDS, AND THERE IS OPENNESS WITH NO SENSE OF SEPARATION -- AND NO "I" THAT IS SEPARATE.
THE FRONT OF THE BODY SEEMS TO BE NONEXISTENT AND I AM TALKING WITH MYSELF.
ARE THESE THE HERE-AND-NOW-I MOMENTS YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT, OR IS THERE MORE, OR IS IT A MATTER OF MORE MORE,FREQUENTLY?

The question is from Amit Prem.

These are the moments I am talking about, but Amit Prem is not yet certain about them; hence the question. There is still a little doubt, and because of that doubt, those moments are not penetrating deep enough to reach to his very core of being. He is still suspicious, still thinking whether they are or not. That too is natural. The whole conditioning of the mind will stand like a barrier. Even at the last moment it will try to create suspicion, to make you ambiguous, to make you unclear, confused. The mind follows you to the very last moment, and it goes on dragging you backwards. It is its old habit; it is what the mind has been trained for. I am not condemning it; I am

just stating a fact.
It happened:

An inveterate pickpocket finally breathed his last and prostrated himself before St. Peter, craving admission through the Pearly Gates.
St. Peter heard him through courteously, but then decreed, "It is hell for you, my boy. And meanwhile, kindly give me back my watch."

Now, a pickpocket is a pickpocket. Even at the gates of heaven, while Peter is talking, why not snatch away his watch?
Mind is a habit because mind is a mechanism. So when these moments of here-now start penetrating your being, the mind stands on guard and it says, "Watch, you may be in a delusion. Or you may be hallucinating. Or maybe this guy Osho has hypnotized you" -- or something.

Suspicion.
Now Amit Prem has to drop this doubting. Nothing else is needed.
He asks, "Are these the here-and-now moments?" Yes, they are.
And that's what a Master exists for: to help you in those moments when you become suspicious. when you lose clarity, to give you support.
I say to you, yes, these are the moments; but if you become entangled with your suspicion, you will lose them. They are just happening; it is just the beginning. If suspicion comes in that will be the end of the beginning; then they will die. They are very fragile right now. You should water them with trust. Not with doubt -- doubt will prove to be a poison.
So don't listen to the mind. That is what sannyas is all about. Why do I insist so much for sannyas? So that when these moments start happening, you can trust me. You

have always trusted your mind. It is not worth it, but you have trusted it. The Master is a device, so there is an alternative: when there is any problem with the mind, you can choose the Master or the mind. These are the moments when the Master has to be listened to.
Yes, I repeat it again: these are the right moments. But if you get suspicious, if you think about them, you will miss them.
You are saying: "Are these the here-and-now moments... or is there more!" That again is the mind. The whole trick of the mind is the technique of more."

The mind always says, "There must be more."If you have money, the mind says, "Have more money." If you have power, the mind says, "Have more power." If you are getting moments of meditation, the mind says, "There must be more." "More" is the technique of the mind to confuse you, to never allow you a moment of happiness.
The "more" brings misery: "So there is more? So I am not getting enough." And misery enters. You have compared.
Forget all about the "more." "More" is the trick of the mind; "more" is the agent of the mind.
These are the moments. Don't think about the future; don't think about the past. If you think about the past, the mind will create doubt. If you think about the future, the mind will create ambition. These are the two tricks of the mind.
Look at the past, it creates doubt. It says, "There have been other moments like this also, but where are they now? Once you had fallen in love with a woman, and how beautiful it was -- and then? Then all disappeared. Maybe these moments are also like that. You have fallen in love with this man and something is happening. It is the honeymoon, Amit Prem. The honeymoon cannot be permanent; the honeymoon will disappear."
Amit Prem is a new sannyasin; not yet settled in sannyas, yet escaping and cannot escape, yet trying hard to figure

out what is what and not able to figure it out. It is very difficult.

You cannot figure out what I am doing here. My ways are so contradictory, it is impossible to figure it out. My ways are paradoxical. So I say one thing one moment and I contradict it immediately.
He's still not settled. He has taken sannyas, but hypothetically: "Let us see what happens. Maybe there is something; maybe there is not. If there is not, then who can prevent you? You can move back." That's why this suspicion and unclarity and confusion.

If you settle with me, then the past is dropped. It is difficult and hard to drop the past, but unless you drop the past, the mind will never allow you freedom. The mind is your past; the whole accumulated past is your mind. Drop the past, and these moments will penetrate to the very core. And you will not think about "more," because you think about more only when these moments have not penetrated to the core. When they have penetrated to the core, there is nothing more. And when there is nothing more, there is bliss and benediction.

Question 7
WHAT IS ENLIGHTENMENT? PLEASE EXPLAIN.

I will not, because I cannot. And I cannot because nobody can. You have come a little late. Had you asked me the same question before I became enlightened, I had many answers. Now I have none. Now I am absolutely dumb about it.
I can show you the path, how to become enlightened, but I cannot say what it is.

I can hold your hand to the very door and push you in, but I don't know what is in.
If you are courageous, come, follow me. If you are not courageous, escape as soon as possible, because if you hang around a little longer, it is dangerous. And I am telling you beforehand, so you can never make me responsible for it. Either escape as fast as possible and as far away as possible to be here is dangerous -- or take courage and hold my hand: I can take you in that state of enlightenment.
But nothing can be said about it. It is indefinable, it is ineffable. It IS -- in fact only it is, nothing else exists -- but it is so vast, it cannot be confined to any explanation.

THE END.

Chapter : 5:There are no words to tell

I. 104. aisa lo nahin tai sa, lo

O HOW MAY I EVER EXPRESS THAT SECRET WORD?
O HOW CAN I SAY HE IS NOT LIKE THIS, AND HE IS LIKE THAT?
IF I SAY THAT HE IS WITHIN ME, THE UNIVERSE IS ASHAMED.
IF I SAY THAT HE IS WITHOUT ME, IT IS FALSEHOOD.
HE MAKES THE INNER AND THE OUTER WORLDS TO BE INDIVISIBLY ONE;
THE CONSCIOUS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS, BOTH ARE HIS FOOTSTOOLS.
HE IS NEITHER MANIFEST NOR HIDDEN, HE IS NEITHER REVEALED NOR UNREVEALED:
THERE ARE NO WORDS TO TELL THAT WHICH HE IS.

II. 56. dariya ki lahar dariyao hai ji

THE RIVER AND ITS WAVES ARE ONE SURF: WHERE IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE RIVER AND ITS WAVES?
WHEN THE WAVE RISES, IT IS THE WATER; AND WHEN IT FALLS, IT IS THE SAME WATER AGAIN. TELL ME, SIR, WHERE IS THE DISTINCTION?
BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN NAMED AS WAVE, SHALL IT NO LONGER BE CONSIDERED AS WATER?

WITHIN THE ABSOLUTE, THE WORLDS ARE BEING TOLD LIKE BEADS.
LOOK UPON THAT ROSARY WITH THE EYES OF WISDOM.

THE TRUTH IS KNOWN AND YET NOT KNOWN -- known in a sense and not known in another -- known because we are

part of it, but not known because we are not separate from it. To know something, the knower has to be separate; and yet again, to know something really, how can you know it if you are separate? This is the basic problem that faces the seeker of truth.

We are one with it, there is no space between us and the truth, so we cannot become the knower. We cannot separate the known from the knower -- there is no way to separate -- and knowledge exists only when the knower and known are separate.
Knowledge is a bridge between the object and the subject. If they are not separate, the bridge cannot exist. So the first thing to be remembered: truth is not known in the ordinary sense, cannot be known in the ordinary sense. Yet there is a knowing of sorts -- a totally different type of knowing, of a totally different quality. The knowing is more like love than knowledge. You know a woman or a man when you are deep in love. When your boundaries meet and mingle and merge, when you are no longer separate, when you cannot say where you end and where your woman starts, when there are no fences and no defenses, when simply you are overlapping, overflowing into each other -- the division has disappeared and you have become indivisible -- there is a sort of knowing: you know. Before it, all that you used to think of as knowledge was just illusory. But can you say now that you know? Now there is no one separate who can claim to be the knower. This is the problem. Truth is known, but in such a way that you cannot claim knowledge. Truth is known in such a way that by knowing it the mystery does not disappear; in fact it becomes very, very deep, infinitely deep, ultimately deep.

By knowing the truth, nothing is solved. In fact for the first time you are facing the insoluble. This is the paradox, the dilemma.
If you understand this dilemma, then you will be able to

follow what Kabir is trying to say.
Let us go into it a little more. All knowledge is illusory; we only think that we know. What do we mean when we say we know? When you say, "I know what this tree is," what do you mean? It is a pine tree or an old oak or something else. What do you know? You know a label: it is a "pine" or an "oak" or an "ashoka." You know a name. All that your knowledge consists of is that you know the label. Forget the label and the unknown is there. All knowledge consists of only names. Drop the label and suddenly the unknown is there.
But we live by naming things; it gives us a false sense of security. Otherwise everybody is a stranger, and it will be too difficult to live with strangers. It will be so difficult to trust strangers. Mind immediately jumps upon anything that comes, labels it, and feels good. Finished. This man is a "good" man, and this man is a "sinner" -- you have labeled.
But can't you observe a simple reality that the saint can become the sinner the next moment, and the sinner can become the saint? So what do you know? The murderer can become a mahatma and the mahatma can become a murderer. So when you say this man is "good," what are you saying? Do you know this man, because this good man can prove bad any moment? And you say another man is "bad," and he can prove the holiest of men any moment.

So what do you know? By labeling, by naming, you have not known anything. The reality remains unexplained, mysterious.
You say, "This woman is my wife," or "This man is my husband." What do you know? Just labeling a person "my husband," have you known something? You are just in a deception. You have created an illusion of knowledge.
But the mind wants this illusion very much. It feels at ease. With this illusory knowledge surrounding you, you feel at home. Mind lives in lies -- old or new, but mind lives in lies.

I have heard:

When Herbert Wise, the chess champion, returned to the freshwater college he had attended in his youth, the prexy suggested that he have a look at the dormitory room he had occupied as a student. The lad who was living there at the time unfortunately had chosen this evening to smuggle in a beautiful young coed to help him with his history -- a gross infraction of rules. When he heard the president and Mr. Wise in the hall, he hid the girl hastily in the clothes closet.
Wise looked at the familiar old room, sighed, and remarked, "Same old desk, same old chairs." Then he opened the closet door, saw the flustered coed, and added softly, "And the same old girl."
"It is my sister, sir," stammered the young man.
"And the same old lie!" chortled Wise.

It continues that way -- the same old lies.

Mind lives through lies, mind feeds on lies. Mind cannot encounter truth. All knowledge is of the mind, so all knowledge is bound to be illusory. All knowledge is maya, it is not real. It is a pseudo coin invented by the mind to fill the gap; otherwise you will feel very, very ignorant and stupid, otherwise you will feel you don't know anything. It will be difficult for you to stand, struggle in life. Mind says, "Forget all about ignorance. Knowledge is possible. It is simple: you just cram in a few facts -- labels, names -- get acquainted with more information, accumulate information, go to the library, and become knowledgeable. Knowledgeableness is not knowledge, and all your knowledge is nothing but knowledgeableness. You have gathered information from without -- from tradition, from the university, from the society, civilization. Somebody is a Mohammedan, you say, and somebody is a Christian, you say; and then you have figured out who he is. Just by

calling a man "Christian" or calling him a "communist," have you known him? Have you known anything about him? But you have a feeling that you know now -- this man is a "communist," dangerous; and this man is a "Christian," very good.
This stupid effort to drown your ignorance by a false knowledge is the only barrier between you and the reality, between you and the truth. And if you go on with these lies, believing in them, you will never come across truth -- these lies won't allow you.

These lies will function as barriers.
I have heard:

Once Mulla Nasrudin lived next to a lunatic asylum. One of his regular afternoon naps on the lawn was rudely interrupted when a beautiful young lady, completely without clothes, came bursting through the hedge, hotly pursued by three interns dressed in white. The old Mulla was just recovering from his astonishment when a fourth intern dashed into view carrying in each hand a heavy pailful of sand. The Mulla noticed that a considerable gallery was watching from the other side of the hedge, so he called out, "What is the idea of the fourth intern with the pails of sand?" "That is his handicap," was the explanation. "He caught her the last time."

And even when I look at you, I see you with pails of lies -- searching truth. You are never going to catch it; your handicap is going to be too much. It is impossible. You have to drop all handicaps. Your mind is the root cause of all your handicaps. Your mind is a deceiver. It creates a magical world, a false world of knowledge.
That is the meaning of the biblical story. Adam is turned out of the garden of Eden because he has eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge. It is a very significant parable. Because of knowledge Adam is turned out of heaven, Loses

all his blessedness, loses all his innocence, happiness, loses immortality, becomes a mortal, becomes miserable.

This is the original sin: knowledge is the original sin. Meditate on this parable as much as possible, again and again, from different angles. There is no other parable so significant in the whole history of religion.
Adam's sin is knowledge. Then what is Jesus' virtue? It must be ignorance. Christians don't talk about it. It must be ignorance. That's what Jesus says when he says, "Unless you are like children you will not enter into the kingdom of my God." "Unless you are like children"? It means unless you are innocent, ignorant like children, unless you drop all your knowledge, you will not enter back, you will not be received back. Knowledge is the sin and ignorance is the virtue.
To be ignorant and to know that all knowledge is false, is a radical revolution. Then you remain virgin. Then knowledge never corrupts you. Yes, knowledge is a corruption, it is a poison.
All meditative techniques developed anywhere in the world are nothing but efforts to make you free of your knowledge, efforts to make you free of your mind. Meditation means to create a state of no-mind. A state of no-mind will be a state of no-knowledge. A state of no-mind will be a state of tremendous ignorance -- primal ignorance. And ignorance is beautiful.
When you don't know, you are not. When you know, you are. Knowledge begins to function as the ego. No-knowledge, and the ego cannot exist; it has no props, no support.

It falls, collapses, disappears. And in that state of no-mind, no-ego -- no-YOU -- something happens, which is more like love. You flow into existence and the existence starts flowing into you. You are no longer separate from the existence. The drop has fallen into the ocean, and the

ocean has fallen into the drop.
This is what is called wisdom. Knowledge is not wisdom. To know "I don't know anything" is wisdom.
That is the meaning of the oracle of Delphi's declaration. Somebody asked, "Who is the greatest wise man of the world?" and the oracle said, "Socrates." The person went to Socrates and told him, "Have you heard it or not? The oracle of the temple has said that you are the wisest man in the world."
Socrates is reported to have laughed and said, "You go back. There must have been some mistake because just today, this morning, it has happened to me that I don't know anything. How can it be? If you had come yesterday I would have believed you, because I used to think that I know, but not now. This morning -- this very morning -- something tremendous has happened to me: all knowledge has appeared as futile. I am awakened. The sleep of knowledge is no longer there; I am no longer dreaming. And now I know only one thing for certain: that I don't know anything.
"You go back and tell the oracle that something must have gone wrong. The oracle has always been right and true, I know, but this time the oracle has committed an error.

You go and put things right. And it is me, Socrates himself, saying that I am the most ignorant man of the world. How can the oracle say I am the most wise? No, it is not possible."
The man was puzzled, he could not believe it, but he went to the oracle and said, "There must have been some mistake, sir, because Socrates denies it. He says, 'I know only one thing: that I don't know anything.'"
And the oracle said, "That's why we have declared that he is the greatest wise man of the world. That's why! Precisely that's why we have declared it! Go and tell him. If you had asked yesterday, we would not have said so. He was as foolish as anybody else. Now he is not a fool at all -- he is

not fooled by knowledge. He has awakened."
Knowing that you don't know, you really become a knower. That is wisdom. Wisdom is not knowledge. Wisdom is awareness.

O HOW MAY I EVER EXPRESS THAT SECRET WORD?

And when you have known in this way, not the way of knowledge but the way of wisdom, the way of love -- not as a spectator, not as an observer from the outside but as a participant of existence -- you have danced with God hand in hand, step by step, and you have come to FEEL something....
Yes, it is better to use the word "feeling" than "knowing".; it is closer to reality. Knowing is cerebral, feeling is total. When you feel, you don't feel only from the head, you don't feel only from your heart, you don't feel only from your guts; you feel from every fibre of your being.

Feeling is total, feeling is orgasmic, feeling is organic. In a moment of feeling, you function as a totality. When you think, you function only as the head. When you are sentimental, you function only as the heart. Remember, sentimentality is not feeling, emotionalism is not feeling. Thinking, you are a head -- just a part pretending to be the whole. Of course it is false. This perspective is false. Emotional, sentimental, you are the heart -- again another part pretending to be the whole, another servant pretending to be the master. Again it is false.
Feeling is of the total -- of the body, of the mind, of the soul. Feeling knows no divisions; feeling is indivisible. When you feel, you function as a totality. When you function as a totality you function in tune with the totality. Let me repeat it: when you function as a totality you function in tune with the totality. When you function as a part you have fallen apart; you are no longer in tune with the total. When you are no longer in tune with the total, whatsoever you think

you know is false, illusory. When you are in tune with the total, you know that you don't know anything. But even this "not knowing" is a knowing -- it is a feeling, it is a love affair with the whole.
"O HOW MAY I EVER EXPRESS THAT SECRET WORD? " And when you come to know in this way, it is a secret knowing -- secret because it cannot be expressed, secret because language is inadequate for it, secret because it cannot be taught.

Let me tell you one thing. In the East we have been making a distinction between a teacher and a Master. The teacher is one who teaches, of course; and the Master is one who does not teach. Then what does a Master do? A teacher teaches; he believes in teaching -- he believes that truth can be taught. Of course this is basically wrong. Truth cannot be reduced to language, truth cannot be reduced to concepts, so how can it be taught? Truth cannot be expressed, nobody has ever been able to express it, so how can it be taught? The teacher himself has not known yet. The teacher is as unaware as the taught. With the teacher, you become a student, so whatsoever he has accumulated, he goes on transferring it to you. It is a transference of information.
A Master never teaches, but you can catch something from the Master. Truth cannot be taught but can be caught. The Master.... His very being, his very presence. His every gesture -- the way he looks at you, the way he walks. The WAY he talks -- not what he says, not the content -- but the way he talks. The way he keeps quiet, the way sometimes he falls silent. Something between the words and something between the lines.
The teacher exists in the words; the Master exists between the words -- the gaps, the intervals. The teacher has something to teach you; the Master has something which if YOU want you can take but he cannot teach.

If you are ready you can partake of it. If you are thirsty you can quench your thirst. It is not a communication. It is a communion. Between a teacher and a student there is communication; between a Master and the disciple there is a communion, a transference of energy. Something mysterious passes, and the disciple becomes pregnant with the unknown.

"O HOW MAY I EVER EXPRESS THAT SECRET WORD?" Kabir is a Master, and he says, "How can I express, how can I ever express, that secret word? That which has happened in the innermost recesses of my being, how can I bring it to the surface? That which has happened in the silence of my soul, how can I reduce it and convert it and translate it into language?" Language is very inadequate. Truth is vast, and language is very, very narrow. Truth is like the sky, and language is like a closed fist.

Let me tell you:

An elephant was frolicking happily in a swimming pool one day, when a mouse came along and implored him to come out of the water. The elephant ignored the mouse for a while, but it became so insistent that the elephant finally lumbered out of the pool to demand, "What on earth do you want?"

The mouse squeaked, "I just wanted to see if you were wearing my bathing suit."

Yes, to bring truth into words is as impossible -- more so. Words are very small, trivial, mundane, material, worldly.

Words are invented by man. Truth is discovered -- never invented. It is already there. And truth is discovered when somebody becomes courageous enough to lose himself, to relax into a nonbeing, into a no-mind. Then truth is known. It is known only when you are so utterly silent that not even a ripple of thought arises in you.

So how to reduce it into language, into words, into

thoughts? It happens only when the thought is not present. The thought cannot convey it, and whatsoever the thought conveys is a distortion. That's why those who have known have always been in great inner difficulty. How to express it? How to say it? When Buddha became enlightened, for seven days he remained silent. He would not utter a single word. It was so difficult. It is so easy to talk when you don't know; it is so difficult to talk when you know. It is so easy to talk when you don't know, because you can say anything. When you know, it is almost impossible to talk. You can go around and around.

That's what I go on doing. I go around and around, just in the hope that someday, by chance, by accident, you may become aware that whatsoever I want to convey to you cannot be conveyed in words. Listening to my words, you may fall silent. Listening to my music, you may become so attentive, so alert, that in that alertness truth may be able to penetrate you.

But I don't believe that through my words you are going to know anything.

It is not possible.

That's why trust has been emphasized so much. If you listen to my words you will be listening to my logic, and truth cannot be put into words, so it cannot be made a logical proposition. No, it is not a syllogism. If you are in deep love with me, then there is a possibility. Then you will not be looking for the logic. Then you will be looking for something else. Then you will be looking sideways. Then you will be looking and waiting for silences.

Truth is available here in my presence, but not in my words. If you listen only to my words, you have not listened to me at all. You have been deaf. If you have listened to my silence....

Maybe my words can be helpful as a contrast to my silence. When you write on a blackboard with a white chalk it comes out clear and loud. Hmm? because the blackboard

gives the contrast. If you write on a white wall with white chalk it will not be clear and loud. It will be lost. I can keep quiet here, I can sit silently here, but then you will not be able to understand my silence at all. It will be a writing with white chalk on a white wall.
I talk to you -- I create a blackboard of words, of language, concept, logic, philosophy, religion -- and then I leave just a few small gaps, silent gaps, intervals. Those gaps come very loudly. Against the black background of language, silence comes very clearly.

Hence I speak. Hence Kabir speaks. Hence Buddha has to concede to speak after seven days.

There was a Zen student under a Master to whom he was very much devoted. Each time he approached the Master, the latter waved his hand, saying, "Not yet, not yet." Some time passed. One evening he became desperate: "How can this be? I have no word of instruction which will lead me to the realization. The Master simply chases me, saying, 'Not yet, not yet.' What can I do? What do I have to think about it all?"
He went on like this -- thinking, brooding, meditating -- in utter desperation, but tenaciously clinging to his object of inquiry and pondering it from every possible point of view, when all of a sudden something flashed on his mind and he realized at once what the Master wanted him to discover. The following morning he visited the Master, wishing to let him know what happened to him. But the Master seeing him come burst out, "You have it now, you have it now!"

What happened? For years he was saying, "Not yet, not yet." Then one day the disciple comes, and he has not even said a single word to the Master, and the Master says, "You have it now, you have it now."
The day you will understand my silence and not my words,

there will be no need for you to tell me that you have attained it. I will know it immediately; even before you have known it, I will know it.

There is a very subtle relationship between the Master and the disciple. It is almost like a spiritual umbilical cord. The Master knows, and goes on saying, "Not yet, not yet. Don't say a single word. It is all foolish, whatsoever you have brought. It is all mind stuff, whatsoever you have brought. It has nothing to do with truth; it is still knowledge. Wait, not yet, don't say anything."
In Zen the disciple meditates on a koan, on a Zen puzzle, and comes to the Master, brings a reply, what he has come to understand. The "Not yet, not yet" is for that, that you have not yet understood -- "Go back, meditate again." For example, the Zen Master will say, "Go and listen to the sound of one hand clapping. Listen to the sound of one hand clapping," and the disciple listens, and tries, and finds out, figures out what to answer, how to find the answer for this puzzle; and then he brings an answer. But the way you come, the quality of consciousness that you bring, the mind full of ideas and conclusions that you bring, is enough. Your presence is enough for the Master to feel, and he says, "Not yet, not yet." One day, suddenly, it has happened. It happens out of the blue, all of a sudden.
In fact spiritual explosion is exactly an explosion. It is not a gradual process. You don't grow inch by inch. Either you are there or you are not there. Either you have known or you have not known.

There is no in between, it is a sudden flash. One meditates and meditates and meditates and one goes on penetrating into one's own mind, looking into one's own nature. By this very looking, one day, the look is so penetrating that the mind simply stops; awareness is so total that the mind is no longer created; attention is so perfect that the mind dissolves; and there is a lightning

and suddenly you know. You know that nothing can be known, you know that ignorance is primordial, you know that life is a mystery and is going to remain a mystery, you know that truth is not only unknown but unknowable. You are freed from the illusion of knowledge.
Rushed the disciple towards the Master to tell him what had happened. Because when something of such a tremendous import happens, you would like to share it. And with whom to share? Who will understand you? Only the Master can understand. You would like to share it. And when the disciple reached the Master, the Master said, "You have it now, you have it now." He never allowed him to say a single word before, and he is not even allowing him now. First he was saying, "Not yet, not yet. Keep quiet. Go back." Now he says, "No need to come. You have known. Keep quiet."
When truth is known, you cannot say it. That's why the Master says, "I have known that you have known it. Now keep quiet. Now sit silently in front of me. Now let us be together -- really together.

Now let me overflow into you and you overflow into me. Now let there be a communion, let the soul meet with the soul." Now there is no need for the mind to communicate with the other mind.
You hold the hand of your friend. That's a communication on the physical level. You say something to your friend. That is a communication on the mental level. Then you just remain in the presence of your friend -- saying nothing, gesturing nothing, having nothing to say, just pure presences -- then it is a spiritual communication. That communication is called communion.
I am trying to create a community here, a community of sannyasins. Community means people who are waiting or trying to have communion. Community means people who are being together to dissolve into each other. So whosoever is here with some egoist idea is not here at all.

He will miss me, and he will miss this community that exists here.
Some people come to me and they say, "In this ashram, people don't seem to be much interested in others. They don't take much interest." This person is on some ego trip. He wants people to take interest in him. Why should they take interest in him? Here we are creating a situation in which nobody is going to help your ego, nobody is going to give you importance. If you are seeking importance, then there is the big world.
In my small world, if you come, don't seek importance, don't seek attention.

Rather become attentive, rather become aware, and try to dissolve into the community that is getting ready here. And it is easier for you to dissolve into it right now because it is in the beginning process. Once it has gone deep, it will be more difficult for you to take the jump because there will be a great gap. Right now there is not much gap, a very small gap. You can take the jump very easily.

O how may I ever express that secret word?

O HOW CAN I SAY HE IS NOT LIKE THIS, AND HE IS LIKE THAT?

How to say God is like this or God is like that? There are many problems. First, the language is not adequate. Second, the listener is not ready. You appear to be listening, but you don't listen, because listening needs a tremendous sensitivity. Your whole being should become your hearing. You should hear from every cell of your body, from every hair of your body. You should hear from the eyes and from the hands and from the soles of your feet. You should hear with your totality. You should just become ears.
I have heard:

An attendant at the London Zoo was intrigued by two Beatle-haired youths strumming guitars earnestly outside the lions' cage. "My brother is the cool one," announced one of the boys modestly. "You put him in that empty cage over there and let one lion at a time into it and you will see how even the wild beasts fall for his music."

So the zoo attendant led the brother into the empty cage, then shoved the first lion in with him. Almost at once the lion seemed to smile and began dancing daintily to the music. A second lion was produced and proceeded to execute a cross between the twist and a gavotte.
Then a third lion entered the cage. In less time than it takes to tell he had pounced upon the poor guitarist and eaten him up. The zoo attendant patted the surviving brother sympathetically on the back. "I was afraid that would happen," he said sadly, "when I let that deaf lion in there."

You are deaf. You appear to be hearing and you appear to be seeing, but you are blind. You appear to be alive, but you are dead. Your aliveness depends on your sensitivity. If you are sensitive, only then can truth be in some indirect way hinted at. Only hints are possible, and hints are so indirect that if you listen very attentively, only then will you catch them.

O how can I say He is not like this, and He is like that?

IF I SAY THAT HE IS WITHIN ME, THE UNIVERSE IS ASHAMED.

How to say God is within, because then who is without? He is without too.
"IF I SAY HE IS WITHIN ME, THE UNIVERSE IS ASHAMED."

There have been a few mystics who have decided to say he is within. Mahavir decided that he is within. It is a partial statement of truth; it is not total.

Or, Mohammed decided the other way; he said he is without. That too is a partial truth, not the total truth. Kabir is trying to move in a deeper realm. Mohammed says, "He is without"; hence Mohammedans killed Mansur because Mansur declared, "He is within me. I am God -- ANAL HAQ -- I am the truth! " Mohammedans could not tolerate it because they always say, "God is there above in the heaven. How can you, a mortal, declare that he is within you or you are him? This is sacrilege. "
Mahavir decided just the opposite. He said, "He is within you, so don't worship him anywhere else. Don't go to worship him in the river or in the sun or in the tree or in the moon or in the stars. Don't go to worship him anywhere. He is not in the temples; he is within you." This too is a partial truth because he is within and without.
Kabir says:

If I say that He is within me, the universe is ashamed:

IF L SAY THAT HE IS WITHOUT ME, IT IS FALSEHOOD.

HE MAKES THE INNER AND THE OUTER WORLDS TO BE INDIVISIBLY ONE;

The inner and the outer is the division of the mind. The inner and outer do not exist in reality. What is inner? Have you pondered over it, ever? What is inner and what is outer? You say, "This is the inside of my house." And there is a door and you pass through the door and you say, "This is the outside of my house."

But the same sky exists outside and the same sky exists inside. The inside and the outside are not two. You

inhale and you exhale. When you exhale, the breath goes out; when you inhale, the breath goes in. The within is joined with the without -- the inhalation is part of exhalation; the exhalation is part of inhalation. The breath that was mine just a moment before is no longer mine; it has become yours. And the breath that was yours is no longer yours; it has become mine. So you are not so without and I am not so within. We are joined together. There is an apple on the tree; it is outside. You eat it, you digest it; within a few hours it becomes part of you. It is in your bloodstream. After a few months a part of it will have moved to your bones and a part of it will have become your consciousness, your mind, your awareness, your thinking. A part of the apple will become your meditation. And then one day you will die and your body will be buried under the earth, and the apple tree will take food from it. Again.... Your body will feed the apple tree and again you will circulate in the sap of the tree, and you will become the leaf of the tree and the fruit of the tree, and so on, so forth.

Nothing is within, nothing is without. We are joined together. The universe is one. Yes, that's why we don't call it a MULTIverse, we call it a UNIverse, because it is one.

It is UNI, it is a unity.

THE CONSCIOUS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS, BOTH ARE HIS FOOTSTOOLS.
HE IS NEITHER MANIFEST NOR HIDDEN, HE IS NEITHER REVEALED NOR UNREVEALED:
THERE ARE NO WORDS TO TELL THAT WHICH HE IS.

Then how to tell? If we say "within," it is half; if we say "without," it is half. If we say, "He is within and without," it is confusing; then OUR distinctions, OUR categories, dissolve. Then it becomes very difficult to know who is who. It becomes very difficult to live. If you are me and I

am you, then it will become very, very difficult to live. If you put your hand into my pocket, I cannot say, "What are you doing? Are you a thief or a kleptomaniac or something?" I cannot say anything, because you are me and I am you. That's why, you see, I don't have any pockets. It will be difficult to decide.
Ordinary life will become very, very complicated. I don't know my name, you don't know your name; it will become very difficult.
I have heard:

The wealthy and aged society leader stepped out in the garden of his home during a party he was giving and discovered his young wife in the arms of another man.
"What is the meaning of this?" shouted the outraged millionaire. "Who is this man?"
After a moment's embarrassing silence the young wife spoke up and said, "I believe my husband is perfectly within his rights.

What is your name?"

It is happening more and more. In a way nothing is wrong in it: nobody has any name. And what is the point of knowing the name of the other person, because all names are false? All names are arbitrary, they don't say anything, but they are needed. The ordinary life, the practical life, will become impossible.
So Kabir says if we say he is within, that is half, and the world is ashamed, and the whole is ashamed. If we say he is without, that is not true, because he is within too. And if we say he is both and indivisibly one, then all distinctions drop and it becomes very impractical. So how to say it? "THERE ARE NO WORDS TO TELL THAT WHICH HE IS." He can be felt only in silence, and he can be showed only in silence. Yes, nothing can be said about him, but he can be showed to you. And that is the meaning of the relationship

between a Master and a disciple. The Master leads you somewhere, to some vision that has become part of his being. He takes you to his inner world so that you can see a little through his eyes, so that you can hear a little through his ears, so that you can touch reality a little through his hands. Once the glimpse is there, then things will become very easy.
And there is no need to disturb the practical world. Let it continue as it is. That's why I don't say renounce the world. I say be part of it.

It is good. Just know that it is all arbitrary, that all the distinctions are only useful, not true. They have a utility but no truth in them. Use the distinctions, but never be lost in them.

Once when a government dignitary called O Wang was late in coming to Bokuju, a Zen Master, Bokuju Bokuju asked the officer why he was delayed. He said that he had attended a polo playing. The Master asked, "Who strikes the ball, the rider or the horse?" The officer replied, "The rider." "Was he tired?" "Yes, he was tired." "Was the horse tired?" "It too was tired." Bokuju then asked, "Was the goalpost tired?" The officer was at a loss how to answer such a question. The goalpost?
After returning home, he spent his evening thinking of the Master's strange question. In the middle of the night the solution dawned on him unexpectedly. The officer called on the Master next day and reported that he understood the Master's question. Bokuju asked, "Was the post tired?" "Yes, tired!" said the officer. Bokuju laughed and he said, "You are right."

Now this is a tremendous experience. Because the universe is one. The rider is tired, the horse is tired, what about the goalpost? The ordinary mind will say, "What nonsense. A goalpost is dead." But if the universe is one --

and indivisibly one, nothing can be dead -- or nothing can be alive. Either everything is alive or everything is dead.

If the universe is one, how can anything be dead? If God is life then nothing can be dead. And that is what dawned upon the officer, that when the Master says everything is one, then of course the goalpost must be tired.
Now scientists say that trees feel tired. Just within twenty years the fact has become known that trees feel tired, that trees feel happy, that trees feel sad, that trees feel angry, that trees feel loving. Someday it is possible some scientist will stumble upon this fact too: that the goalpost is tired -- feels tired, happy, sad, angry. If the universe is one, this is how it has to be.
When you come home tired, have you ever thought your shoes must be tired? It will be very confusing and you will get very worried; hence we don't allow such disturbing truths into our consciousness. Scientists say we allow only two percent of all facts to enter into our consciousness; ninety-eight percent is denied entry. Otherwise life will become very, very difficult.
Unless you become very, very aware, life will become very, very difficult. If you become aware you can tackle more facts, you can allow more facts into your consciousness. When your awareness is perfect, you can allow a hundred percent of life to enter into you and it will not be confusing. When you have grown into consciousness, you can take the totality in. Then you will see the saint is the sinner and the sinner is the saint.

Then you will see God is the devil and the devil is God. Then you will see matter is mind and mind is material. That totality can be realized only when you have become so tremendously aware that your awareness is not disturbed by it. Ordinarily we need distinctions to keep things clear-cut: this man is bad, avoid him; this man is

good, follow him; this man is good, imitate him; this man is bad, don't come in contact with him, don't become friendly to him, there is danger. This is poison and this is nectar; drink the nectar and avoid the poison.
I have heard a very beautiful story. Listen to it attentively.

Once there were two men who ate exactly the same food, but one had two bowls while the other had only one. The man with two bowls divided his food into bitter and sweet, and put only the bitter in one bowl and only the sweet in the other. The man with one bowl naturally mixed the bitter and the sweet together. As time passed, the first man grew thinner and thinner, and gradually wasted away, while the second, who ate just the same food, grew healthier and healthier daily. At last, the first saw his approaching death, and in desperation asked the second the secret of his vitality and vigor.
"You, having two bowls," the second replied, "divided the bitter from the sweet, and so believed in the importance of taste that you did not allow the food you took to sustain you with its own inner life.

But I had only one bowl and so mixing the bitter and the sweet together, have not been fooled by the matter of taste, for whatever I have been given to eat I have taken simply as food, and it has yielded its nourishment to me, praise God."
The first man rose from his deathbed and with a great effort picked up one of his bowls and dashed it to pieces; and in the one bowl that remained he ate gratefully of the food his friend offered him and was whole again.

This is a beautiful story, a Sufi story. If you divide, you will be divided within too. If you divide existence into good and bad, God and devil, consciousness, unconsciousness, heaven and hell, this division is bound to create a division in you. You will be split in two; you will become a

schizophrenic. You will lose your togetherness; you will start falling into parts; you will no longer be integrated. Your perception, your vision, is divided; how can you be undivided! Your vision is your being. If you drop dividing and you start looking for the one, you will become one too -- because whatsoever you see you become. Once you start eating in one bowl, the sweet and bitter both, you are nourished, because the contradictions are not contradictory. They are complementary.
Alan Watts has written about George Gurdjieff that he was a "rascal saint." That's perfectly true. A real saint is bound to be a rascal saint because he will be bitter and sweet both.

If he is just a saint -- just sweet and sweet and sweet -- avoid him; otherwise you will get diabetes. A sweet saint is very dangerous. Just sweet? It will nauseate you. You will feel sick. The bitter is also needed.
When you feed on totality -- indivisible totality -- you are nourished. This is the meaning of this story: don't divide. But language divides; that's why truth cannot be expressed. If you say, "God is good," it has become a false statement, because then who will be bad? If you say, "God is light," then who will be darkness?
To many sannyasins I have given names which mean darkness, night, or things like that, and I have always been watching whenever I give this name. To one sannyasin I gave the name NISHA, night. Immediately, within two, three days, she wrote a letter, "Osho, this name disturbs me very much." Just two, three days ago, to another sannyasin I gave the name YAMINI; that means night. Her letter has come. She must be here. Her letter has come, "Osho, can't you change my name? Yamini, night? I love light."
We have a very dualistic ideology. God is light; then who is darkness? Then there must be two Gods -- the god of the darkness also. Then not only are you schizophrenic, your

whole existence is schizophrenic. Not only are you divided, you have divided existence itself.
No, day is beautiful, so is night. Day is godly, divine, so is night.

You may be surprised to know the word "day" comes the from the same root as "divine." They both come from the same root. So day is divine, and night? -- nobody says night is divine. Night too is divine. And it will be better if you eat of both, day and night. It will be good if you have one bowl.
I give to my sannyasins one bowl. Eat sweet and bitter, good and bad, consciousness, unconsciousness. Enjoy both and you will be nourished, and you will become very, very strong. And your strength will not be the opposite of softness, no. The stronger you will be, the more fragile too. And this is beauty, when a strong man is fragile like a flower. Strong like a sword and fragile like a flower -- then you are total. Then you are undivided, then you are indivisible, then you are really an individual. "Individual" means that which cannot be divided. You have come home, you have become one; now you can relax and rest.
But language by its very nature divides. If I say to you, "You are my friend," I have divided. Then I have said in my eyes somebody is my enemy; you are my friend. I say, "I love you"; that means I hate somebody. I say, "I am happy"; that means unhappiness is not welcome. Language divides. Language is based in schizophrenia, based in a deep split.

THERE ARE NO WORDS TO TELL THAT WHICH HE IS.

THE RIVER AND ITS WAVES ARE ONE SURF: WHERE IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE RIVER AND ITS WAVES?
WHEN THE WAVE RISES, IT IS THE WATER; AND WHEN IT FALLS, IT IS THE SAME WATER AGAIN.

TELL ME, SIR, WHERE IS THE DISTINCTION?

Attain to a perception which has no distinctions -- of the lower and the higher, of the material and the spiritual. Attain to a perception which is transcendental, because the wave is the ocean and the ocean is the wave. They are together. Have you ever seen the ocean without the waves, and have you ever seen a wave without the ocean? They are together. They are two polarities of one. Oneness exists between the two. There are so many colors, seven colors, but they are all part of one light. The whole spectrum belongs to one ray of light. From the darkest black to the whitest white, the whole spectrum belongs to one, to the light.

... Tell me, Sir, where is the distinction?

BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN NAMED AS WAVE, SHALL IT NO LONGER BE CONSIDERED AS WATER?

These are just names -- utilitarian, good, but never be deceived by the utility. Remember the truth. Utility is practical; truth is real. Utility is needed but is not the nature of things. When you are not there to name and the ocean is left alone, which is the wave and which is the ocean? There is nobody to make the distinction. The ocean is the wave and the wave is the ocean. When you have gone home and the ocean is left alone, there are no waves and no ocean; it is all oneness. You come and you bring your distinction.

Nothing is wrong in it if your remember that just by naming a wave as wave you have not created any distinction, but we become very, very deceived by our names.

An embarrassing moment ensued on upper Broadway the

day the Queen of Greece came up to Barnard College to receive an honorary degree. One of the guests at the ceremony was a crusty old psychiatrist from Columbia University across the avenue.
"Come over and meet the Queen of Greece," smiled the dean of Barnard. The old psychiatrist shook hands graciously, then cackled to the dean -- loud enough for Her Majesty to overhear, "She seems harmless enough. How long has she thought she is the Queen?"

Now a psychiatrist always lives with people among whom somebody thinks he is a king, and somebody is a queen, somebody is Adolf Hitler, and somebody is Napoleon -- wwith mad people. He says, "She seems harmless enough. How long has she thought she is the Queen?" But in fact whether you only think you are a queen or a king or you really are, what is the difference?
It happened in a madhouse in India that when Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru was the prime minister, he went to see the madhouse. A man was being released on that day and the superintendent thought it would be good if the prime minister released him by his own hand. So the man was brought out. Jawaharlal asked him, "How long have you been here?" He said, "I have been here for three years, and these people are very good.

They have cured me absolutely." Then suddenly he asked, "But who are you, sir?" So Jawaharlal said, "You don't know me? I am Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, prime minister of India." The man said, "Don't be worried. These people will cure you within three years. That's what I used to think when I came here! I suffered from the same trouble."
But really is there any difference? If you ask the mystics they say there is none. A madman in his madness thinks he is the prime minister, and somebody else is the prime

minister and becomes mad. It is not very much of a difference. They may have traveled different routes. One is mad, that's why he thinks he is the prime minister; another is the prime minister, that's why he is mad. Maybe practically there is a distinction; but in reality none.

Because it has been named as wave, shall it no longer be considered as water?

WITHIN THE ABSOLUTE, THE WORLDS ARE BEING TOLD LIKE BEADS:
LOOK UPON THAT ROSARY WITH THE EYES OF WISDOM.

What are the eyes of wisdom? Knowledge dropped, you attain to the eyes of wisdom. Ignorance covered, you become knowledgeable. Knowledge dropped, ignorance accepted as ultimate, you become wise.
So these are the three types of people in the world: the ignorant who is trying to become knowledgeable, the knowledgeable who has forgotten his ignorance, and the wise who has dropped knowledge and has come to accept his ignorance as ultimate and is no longer making any effort to know anything whatsoever.

He has come to know that nothing can be known, that knowledge is impossible, that ignorance is the very nature of existence because it is a mystery. In his ignorance he has become relaxed. He rests in his ignorance. He has become innocent like a child. Then one becomes wise -- not by knowing, but by knowing that nothing can be known, by knowing that all knowledge is illusion, by knowing that the very effort is doomed to fail, by knowing that existence is mysterious and it is not available for those people who are ready to analyze, dissect.
It is available for those people who are ready to fall in love with it, for those people who can sing a song with it, dance a dance with it. God is available to singers and dancers and

people who are innocent.

THE END.

Chapter : 6:Trust your nature

Question 1
LIKE ALL OTHER INDIAN SAINTS, WHY DO YOU NOT LIKE TO BE THE SAINT OF THE MASSES?

I AM NOT AN INDIAN -- nor am I an American or a Chinese. I don't believe in countries and I don't believe in any political divisions. Because of political divisions, humanity has suffered enough. No more of that nonsense. I have to live somewhere, so I live here, but I don't belong to India. I am not a nationalist, because all nationalism is in some way or other a form of fascism.
If you think you are an Indian or a German or a Japanese, you are a fascist -- and you are a danger to humanity, to peace, to love, to progress. You are not a religious person. A nationalist is never a religious person, cannot be. And a nationalist is a neurotic. The whole of human history is enough proof for it.
I am not an Indian, the first thing. And the second thing: I am not a saint, either.
You ask me: "Like all other Indian saints, why do you not like to be the saint of the masses?" First, I am not an Indian; and second, I am not a saint. The very claim that one is a saint is a condemnation of everybody else. In the very claim, others are condemned. If I am a saint then you are a sinner -- you have to be sinners. Otherwise how can I exist? To create one saint, you will need millions of sinners. It is very costly and uneconomical.
I would like a world where the sinners and the saints have disappeared.

They are two aspects of the same coin. Lao Tzu says in his TAO TE CHING, "When the world was really natural and religious, there was not a saint and not a sinner." When the saints entered in the world, sin entered. When you say somebody is a saint, you have started divisions: the good and the bad, that which has to be done and that which has to be avoided. You don't accept life in its totality; you become a chooser.
And I teach choiceless awareness. I don't teach any choosing on your part, because whatsoever you choose is going to be a wrong choice -- because you will be there as a chooser. Accept the total and don't go on labeling things -- this is good and that is bad.
The division between the sinner and the saint is again an egoistic division. It is very oppressive. It condemns. It is very hateful. A saint looks at you with the eyes of "holier than thou" -- "I am the chosen one, and I am going to heaven and you all are going to hell." No, that is not my outlook at all. I declare you are also holy, divine. There exists not a single being who is not holy. To me the word "holy" means WHOLE. We belong to one whole; we are all holy. We are parts of one universal consciousness. We are ripples of one ocean. That's what Kabir was saying yesterday: the wave is not different from the ocean. Even the dirty wave is not different from the ocean. Even the dirty wave is as much part of the ocean as is the clean wave.

And what do you call dirty and what do you call clean? All are human conceptions. A person can be a saint in one country and may not be thought of as a saint in another. A person can be a saint in one century and may not be thought of as a saint in another. Just think: Mohammed with a sword in his hand. Can any Jaina or Buddhist call him a saint? It is impossible. A sword in the hand? Mohammed cannot be called a saint

according to the Jainas and the Buddhists. Can Mohammedans call Mahavir or Buddha a saint, when people are suffering and being tortured and you are just sitting under your bodhi trees doing nothing? What type of sainthood is this? These are escapists, not saints.
You may be surprised to know that Jainas don't call Krishna a saint. They call him the greatest sinner ever because he persuaded Arjuna for the war. Arjuna was going to become a Jaina monk; he was saying, "I don't want all this war, all this violence. I want to renounce this world. This is not worth it," and Krishna persuaded him, "Do your duty. If God has willed so, let it be so. You simply say 'amen,' and go into it. You just become a vehicle, instrumental." Arjuna argued and argued, but finally Krishna persuaded him. So Jainas say the whole responsibility of the Mahabharat War, the great Indian war, goes to Krishna. He is responsible for the whole violence.
What have they done to Krishna, do you know? They have thrown him into the seventh hell.

Of course, you are free to do so because you write your stories. In the Jaina PURANAS, Krishna is in the seventh hell, the worst hell, and he will have to be there up to the very end of this world.
Now who is a saint? How do you define a saint? And who is going to define and who has the criterion? Different philosophies will define differently.
I am not a saint, because I don't allow myself to be defined by anybody else. I am just myself. Call me sinner, call me saint -- that is your attitude -- but I am simply myself. And I leave myself undefined because, to me, reality is indefinable and I am part of reality, as you are part of reality.
When you want to renounce something, renounce definitions, renounce categories. Don't allow anybody to pigeonhole you.

And the moment you know your indefinable quality, you have transcended the world and you have attained to nirvana, you have become enlightened. An enlightened person is not a saint nor a sinner, cannot be. These are the categories of the unenlightened people. People who have not yet become aware, they think in terms of good and bad. One who has become aware knows nothing as bad, nothing as good. He is simply a witness to all.
So I am neither an Indian nor a saint.
"Like all other Indian saints, why do you not like to be the saint of the masses?" And who are these masses? These neurotic people all around, this insane world all around -- this is the mass? Who are these masses? These people who are blind, these are the masses? This vast darkness all around the earth.

..?
I don't belong to the masses; I cannot. I belong to the whole but not to the masses. To the masses belong the politicians. Because they have to exploit the masses and they have to lead the masses, of course they have to follow the masses too. If you want to become the leader of the masses, then you have to show that you follow the masses. That is the bribery you have to pay. If you want to exploit the masses, you become the saint of the masses.
I am not interested in any sort of exploitation. I am myself. If somebody wants to partake of the truth that I am, he can come. He can participate in my being.
And remember, I don't allow an easy approach, because I want everybody to know well that truth has to be paid for. You have to sacrifice much. It is not cheap. And I don't want to make it cheap. I don't allow you an easy approach towards me. I will create all sorts of hindrances between you and me. Only those who are REALLY seekers and have an intense fire in them will be able to approach me.

I am not interested in the masses at all. I am not a politician, and I am not interested in becoming a leader of the masses, nor the servant of the masses, because those are just diplomatic games, political games.
I am here, available. If you have the intense desire and thirst, you can approach me. And again I repeat, the approach is not easy; I will hinder you in many ways; I will test you in many ways.

Only when I feel that you are really ready to surrender, to sacrifice yourself -- only when I see that truth is even more valuable to you than your life -- then you belong to me. Otherwise not.
This question has come from some Indian who has fallen in the wrong company here. He should not be here really. He has asked at least fifteen questions, all foolish. But he seems to be thinking that he knows much. Friend, you are in the wrong company. Escape from here. These are mad people. These are not scholars here, and I am not interested in scholars and I am not interested in pundits and people who think they know. If they know, they know. Why should they come here? What are you doing? Such a wise guy, what are you doing here? You should not be here in the first place. You know already? Very good. I am happy that you know. Then go to the masses and help the masses and become a saint of the masses. What are you doing here? Why are you wasting time here?

If you don't know, only then come to me. And if you don't know, then don't ask questions as if you know. Then ask questions out of your ignorance.
These questions are parrotlike things; you simply go on repeating words.
I have heard:

Once upon a time there was a parrot who could say only

three little words: "Who is it?" One day when the parrot was alone in the house there was a loud knock on the door.

"Who is it?" screeched the parrot.
"It is the plumber," the visitor responded.
"Who is it?" repeated the parrot.
"It is the plumber, I tell you," was the reply from the outside. "You called me to tell me your cellar was flooded."
Again the parrot called, "Who is it?"
By this time the plumber became so angry that he fainted. A neighbor rushed over to see the cause of the commotion and, gazing at the unfamiliar face of the prostrate plumber, he asked, "Who is it?"
The parrot answered, "It is the plumber."

The pundit is a parrot, and a very foolish parrot at that, because parrots can be forgiven, but human beings cannot be forgiven so easily.
If you know, there is no need to be here. If you don't know, then please never ask questions from your knowledge, from your so-called knowledge. The first lesson here is to know that you don't know.
And I am not saying that you don't know. If you know, it is very good; but I am not interested in "knowers." You can go and teach the masses and help the poor people. It is because of you and people like you they are still poor, and it is because of you and people like you that they are still living in hell. And they will live in hell unless leaders like you stop serving them. Unless do-gooders like you stop doing good, they will remain in their misery.

But my interest is only in those people who have come

to know that they don't know, that they are ignorant. In India it is very difficult. Knowledge has become part of the Indian blood. For centuries they have been like parrots, repeating SHASTRAS, scriptures -- memorizing -- not knowing anything but feeling very egoistic that they know. Whenever such a person comes here, I am simply surprised why he should come here. Out of all the places, this place is not for you, people like you -- not at all. Come here only if you can throw your knowledge outside the gate. Where you leave your shoes, leave your knowledge too, your head too. Only then can you understand what is happening here. If it is not possible for you, there is no need to come.
And I am not interested in the masses, because if you are interested in the masses you have to be manipulated by the masses. I am not in any way a mass man, because I am very individual. I have my own way, my own life, my own style, and I don't allow anybody to interfere with it. If you want to become a man of the masses, the whole mass interferes with you. They teach you how you should sit and how you should stand and what you should say and what you should not say and what you should eat and what you should not eat and when you should go to bed and when you should get up. They teach you everything. This is very ironical that the people who think they are leaders of the masses and gurus of the masses in fact are the slaves of the masses.

The masses teach them how to be. They don't have any freedom. And the masses go on looking from everywhere: "Are you really following what the mass wants to be followed? Are you really following the idea of the mass, what a saint should be like?" Or if you are not following, then you become a fallen saint; then you are a sinner.
I don't allow anybody to dictate my life. I don't allow

anybody's life to be dictated by me. That's why I don't give any discipline to my people. I simply confer freedom on them and a responsibility to be free. Never interfere with anybody's life, and don't allow anybody to interfere with your life. Be individualistic. I am not a socialist, I am not a communist. I believe in the individual. I am absolutely an unashamed individualist.
I was moving around the country, I was moving among the masses for many years, but I was surprised to see the fact that the masses try to manipulate you. Rather than learning anything from you, rather than taking anything from you, they try to manipulate you.
Let me tell you one story I was just reading the other day:

Farmer Jones, of Clinton, New Jersey, made history at the State Fair one day when he bought a prize rooster for the highest price ever paid in the history of the poultry trade. When he got it home, however, he found he simply could not control the rooster's romantic tendencies.

Not only the hens, but the ducks, geese, and swans, not to mention a few stray nanny goats and sows, fled before the rooster's tireless onslaughts.
Farmer Jones finally collared his gay bird and grumbled, "I did not pay a record price for you to waste your energies on every form of animal life in New Jersey. You are henceforth to confine your activities exclusively to the hens. Keep on the way you are going, and you will die of exhaustion."
The rooster made light of his owner's fears, but sure enough, Farmer Jones found him a few mornings later flat on his back, his eyes glazed, his legs straight up in the air, with a couple of buzzards ominously circling closer and closer above him.
"What did I tell you, you durn fool?" roared the farmer.

"I knew the life you were leading would get you sooner or later!"
But then, to his amazement, the supposedly expired rooster opened one eye and whispered hoarsely, "Pipe down, will you? When you are trying to romance a buzzard, you have got to play it their way!"

If you want to become a saint of the masses, you can become one only in THEIR way. I am not interested in anybody else's way. I have found my way and my goal. I only allow people here who are ready to understand me and who are no longer obsessed with wanting to control me or are obsessed with wanting to be controlled by me. I am a free man, and I confer freedom on you.

My sannyas is a declaration of freedom. It is not a discipline; it is a freedom.

The second question, from the same gentleman:

Question 2
IS IT NOT HARMFUL TO AN INDIVIDUAL AND ALSO TO SOCIETY TO LIVE WITHOUT THE BARRIERS OF NORMS? IF SO, THEN WHY DO YOU PREACH THAT YOUR SANNYASINS SHOULD LIVE AS THEY LIKE? MIND ALWAYS GOES THE WRONG WAY IF NOT RESTRICTED.

And who is going to restrict the mind? The mind of the society? Who is going to restrict the mind? The mind of the dead people, the dead moralists, the dead priests? Who is going to restrict the mind? You? Who are you except the mind?
The first thing to be understood: up to now humanity has lived under a curse, and the curse is that we have never been allowed to trust our nature. We have always been told, "Trust your nature and you will go wrong." Mistrust, restrict, control. Don't go according to your

feel. We have been told that human nature is somehow basically evil. This is stupid, this is foolish and poisonous. Human nature is not evil. Human nature is divine. And if the evil has arisen, it has arisen because of restrictions. Now let me explain it to you.
You never see animals going to war. Of course there are fights sometimes, but they are individual fights -- not world wars with all the crows of the east fighting with all the crows of the west or all the dogs of India fighting all the dogs of Pakistan.

It is not. Dogs are not so foolish, neither are crows. Yes, sometimes they fight, and there is nothing wrong in it. If their freedom is violated, they fight, but the fight is individual. It is not a world war.
Now what have you done? You have repressed humanity and you have not allowed individuals to be angry sometimes -- which is natural. The ultimate total result is that everybody goes on gathering his anger, goes on repressing the anger; then one day everybody is so full of poison that it explodes in a world war. Every ten years a world war is needed. And who is responsible for these wars? Your so-called saints and moralists, do-gooders, the people who have never allowed you to be natural.
Have you ever seen any dog killing another dog? Yes, they fight sometimes -- but just fight. Never has a dog killed another dog. Man is the only animal who kills another man. No crow has ever killed any other crow. No lion has ever killed another lion. Man is the only species of animal that kills its own kind. What has happened to man? Has he fallen lower than the animals? Then who is responsible? Only one thing is missing from the animals: they don't have saints and moralists. Priests -- Christian and Hindu and Mohammedan and Jaina -- they don't have. They don't have temples, mosques, Bibles and Vedas, that's all.

That is the only difference.
Still there are a few primitive societies where, down through the ages, murder has never happened, because nobody has poisoned their mind for morality, nobody has trained them to be moral.

They are natural people. When you are natural you function harmoniously. Sometimes you become angry, but that is natural -- and it is momentary.
A person who never becomes angry and goes on controlling his anger is very dangerous. Beware of him; he can kill you. If your husband never becomes angry, report him to the police. A husband who sometimes becomes angry is just a natural human being, there is no fear about it. A husband who never becomes angry will one day suddenly jump and suffocate you. And he will do it as if he is possessed by something. Murderers have been telling the courts down through the ages, "We committed the crime, but we were possessed."
Who possessed them? Their own unconscious, repressed unconscious, exploded.
Have you watched a simple fact? If you have a picture of a beautiful bitch and bring it to a dog, he will not be interested at all. Dogs are not playboys. Not that they don't love bitches, they love tremendously, but in a picture, in pornography, they will not be interested.
Because to create pornography you need saints. First repress the sexual instinct, the natural instinct, and tell people that it is wrong and evil. When they repress their sexual instinct, the repressed instinct finds outlets. Now it is difficult to go and watch a beautiful woman passing by the road. Then what to do? Lock your room and look at the PLAYBOY magazine.

That is safer; nobody comes to know. You can hide your PLAYBOY magazine in the Bible and you can pretend you are reading the Bible. Only man is pornographic. No

other animal is pornographic. These are simple facts. Who has made man pornographic? Primitives are not -- still are not. Women are naked and move naked -- and without any fear. And what type of civilization do you say you are living in? A woman cannot pass through the roads without being pinched on the bottom, without being treated inhumanly. A woman cannot walk in the night alone. And this is civilization. And people are just obsessed with sex twenty-four hours a day. Who has given this obsession to man? Animals are sexual but not obsessed; they are natural. When sex becomes an obsession, it takes perverted forms; and these perverted forms are rooted in the moralizers and their teachings.

The so-called religious people-have never trusted human nature. They talk about trust, but they have never trusted God. They trust rules, laws; they never trust love. They talk about God, but the talk is just empty taLk. They trust in the police, in the court. They trust in hell fire. They trust in creating fear and in creating greed. If you are saintly and good and moral, you will have heaven and all the pleasures of paradise, FIRDAUS. Or, if you are not moral, then you will suffer hell fire -- and eternally, remember -- forever and forever.

These are fear and greed. They have been manipulating the human mind through fear and greed. They want you to become free of fear and greed -- and their whole teaching is rooted in it. They don't trust.

I trust you and I trust your nature. I trust animal nature. If nature is allowed its own course, yes, there will be a little anger sometimes and there will be a little flaring too, but nothing is wrong in it. It is human and it is beautiful. But there will be no war.

Psychologists say all your weapons are phallic. Because

you could not penetrate a woman's body, you penetrate somebody's body with a sword. The sword is a phallic symbol. It is beautiful to love a woman, but to penetrate somebody's body with a sword is ugly. But this is how things have been.
You ask me: "Is it not harmful to an individual and also to society to live without the barriers of norms?" You have lived with barriers and with norms. What has happened? Look at the state of humanity today. It is a neurotic earth, a great madhouse. This is what has happened out of your norms, idealism, perfectionism, moralism. Out of all your commandments this has happened. The whole earth has turned into a neurotic camp, a big madhouse. And still you are afraid and still you go on. This is a vicious circle.
It is as if you make a person fast and when he fasts he becomes of course hungry and he starts looking obsessively for food.

Then, thinking and seeing that he has become obsessed with food, you put him in chains, because otherwise he will break into somebody's kitchen. Now you put him in chains because you say that if he is not put in chains, he is dangerous -- he can break into somebody's kitchen. He cannot be relied upon. Then you put him in chains and you continue forcing him to fast. And then you become more and more afraid because he is getting mad. This is a vicious circle. In the first place, why has he become so obsessed with food? Your disciplining too much for fasting has created this illness. Fasting is not natural.
Yes, sometimes it happens in animals, but they don't BELIEVE in fasting, they don't have a philosophy of fasting. Sometimes it happens. One day the dog feels sick and he will not eat. This is natural. He simply does not eat because he does not FEEL like eating. He moves with his feeling; it is not a rule. Nobody has taught him

to fast. In fact he will go and eat grass and vomit; the grass functions and helps him to vomit; he will vomit. Nobody has taught him. And he will not eat unless the desire to eat arises again. He moves with nature. When he feels like eating, he eats; when he does not feel like eating, he does not eat. This is what I would call the real life.
Sometimes when you feel like NOT eating, don't eat. I am not against fasting. I am against the philosophy of fasting.

Don't make a rule that every Sunday you have to fast. That is foolish because how can you decide that every Sunday you will not feel like eating? Sometimes it may be Friday when you don't feel like eating. Then what will you do? You will force yourself to eat because it is Friday. When you feel like eating, eat. When you don't feel like eating, don't eat. Move with your feeling, and by and by you will be in tune with your nature.
To be in tune with nature is to be religious, to me. My definition of religion is: to be in tune with nature. And that is the meaning of the Indian word DHARMA; it means "nature," intrinsic nature. Trust nature and don't violate it.
But you have been taught to violate, so people who have lived starved lives, when they come here in this ashram -- which is a totally different phenomenon; they have never seen any ashram like this; no ashram like this has ever existed -- they are very much surprised. They come here to see sad people, dead people, dragging somehow, chanting mantras, reading books; and when they see people dancing -- men and women dancing together, holding hands, people hugging each other, people so full of love and joy -- they say, "What type of religion is this?" Religion has to be of the cemetery; it cannot be of life. Religion has to be negative. Men and women holding hands? This is

dangerous. We cannot trust man, we cannot trust woman.

This is dangerous; this is playing with fire. Create restrictions, make China walls....
No, I trust nature. I don't trust your laws. Your laws have corrupted the whole of humanity. Enough is enough! The time has come when all the old, rotten religions have to be burned completely and a totally new concept of religion has to arise -- life-affirmative, a religion of love and not of law, a religion of nature and not of discipline, a religion of totality and not of perfection, a religion of feeling and not of thinking. The heart should become the master, and then things settle on their own.

If you can trust nature, by and by you become quiet, silent, happy, joyful, celebrating -- because nature is celebrating. Nature is a celebration. Look all around. Can you see any flower which looks like your saints? Can you see any rainbow which looks like your saints? Or any cloud, bird singing, and the light reflecting in the river, and the stars? The world is celebrating. The world is not sad. The world is a song, an utterly beautiful song, and the dance continues. Become part of this dance and trust your nature.
If you trust your nature, by and by you will come closer to the cosmic nature. That is the only way. You are part of the cosmic. When you trust yourself, you have trusted the cosmic in you. Through that goes the way. From that small thread, you can reach to the very goal.

Trusting yourself, you have trusted God who has made you. Not trusting yourself, you have distrusted God who has made you.
Who has given you sex? Of course God has given you sex. And who has taught you BRAHMACHARYA and celibacy? Your so-called saints. Your saints are against

God. Who has given you hunger? God. And who has taught you fasting? Your saints.
I am for God and against your saints because your saints are against God. I teach you to be natural, to be spontaneous. And I don't teach you repression, restriction. I teach you freedom. If you restrict yourself too much and repress yourself too much, you will die before your death, and then you will live a stale life.
Let me tell you one beautiful story:

They tell about a wise old rabbi in the heart of Russia whose advice was slavishly followed by the members of his synagogue. One morning he was cornered by a troubled follower who explained, "I invested all my savings in two hundred chickens. When I went out to the coop this morning, a hundred of them had died. What should I do?"
"It is the voice of the Lord," quoth the rabbi. "Say a prayer. Then double the sales price of the chickens you have left and you will not have lost a single kopek."
But the next morning the villager was back to report, "Another fifty of my chickens perished last night."
"The ways of the Lord are sometimes mysterious," said the rabbi.

"The fifty chickens that have survived are obviously the finest and the most valuable of the flock. Say another prayer of thanks and again double the sales price and you will not have lost a single kopek."
Alas! The next morning the last fifty chickens had bitten the dust. "Now what should I do?" wailed the villager.
"My son," quoth the rabbi, "I have lots more invaluable advice I could give you, but what use would that be to you? You have no more chickens."

When I look at your so-called religious people, I see they have no more life. No advice can be of any help to

them. They are dead people. They should really be in their graves. They are walking illegally. They are ghosts; they are living a posthumous existence. They have committed suicide and are still walking and moving. I feel sorry for them, but these people are dangerous too because they go on doing the same to others that has been done to them by others. They go on teaching the same nonsense to other people. They go on crippling small children, paralyzing new life springs, poisoning new wells. That's what they can do. That's all that they know. They have been unable to live; they make others unable to live.
Watch. Never get into the trap of a man who is dead. It is better to be irreligious. It is better not lo believe in God and not to go to the church and the mosque and the temple -- but be alive, because life is the real church of God.

Forget all about God and nothing is lost, but start destroying life and everything is lost -- because life is God.
I teach you life, love, because that's how I see God is. And these bondages that have been created by religion are just in your idea. If you become aware, you can drop them immediately, instantly.

"How come," the hostess of a kid's birthday party asked a little girl in attendance, "that your younger brother is so shy? He has not moved from that corner all afternoon."
"He is not shy at all," answered the little girl. "He has never had on a necktie before -- and he thinks he is tied to something."

All your religions are just neckties. You are not tied to anything. It is just your idea that you are tied.
Drop all discipline and all ties and start moving and let

God live through you -- and let God live through you in freedom. Trust freedom and trust God, and' you will never be a loser.
I am not saying there will always be flowers and flowers in your life. No, there are thorns, but they too are good. And I am not saying that your life will always be sweet. It will many times be very, very bitter, but that's how life grows -- through dialectics. I am not saying you will always be good. Sometimes you will be very bad, but one thing will be certain about you: when you are bad you will be authentically bad, when you are good you will be authentically good.

One can trust, one can rely upon you. When you are angry, one can rely on it that your anger is not false, not cold; it is hot and alive. And when you love, one can rely upon you that it is hot and warm.
Remember, a person who cannot be angry cannot be loving. The roses grow only with the thorns. If you cannot be hotly angry in some moment, you cannot be hotly in love -- because you cannot be hot, you cannot be warm, you remain frozen. And if you have repressed anger too much, you are always afraid to move in love, because who knows?
A man came to me and he said he could not move into deep orgasm while making love. A perfectly healthy young man. What has gone wrong with him? He cannot move into orgasm; or at the most the orgasm remains only local, it does not spread all over his body. And a local orgasm is not of much significance. When the orgasm is in the total and every fibre of your being throbs with new life -- you are refreshed, rejuvenated -- for one moment you become part of God, part of the tremendous creativity that surrounds you. You lose yourself. You are no longer an ego, you melt. You don't have any boundaries then.
I inquired about his anger. He said, "But why are you

asking about anger, because my question is about love? I cannot love deeply." I said, "Forget about love because first we have to think about anger. Because if you cannot love deeply, that means you cannot be angry deeply."

He was surprised, but that's how it turned out to be. From his very childhood, he had been brought up in a very religious family and he had always been told not to be angry, to control anger. He has learned to control. He has become so efficient that he does not know that he controls. He has really become a controller. Now the control has become unconscious. He is a very controlled person. Everybody respects him -- in the society he will succeed everywhere. He IS a success. But in his inner life he is a failure. He cannot even love.
I told him, "You start by being angry, because my understanding is that when you come to a peak in your orgasm, you cannot allow it because, if you allow it, you are afraid maybe with it the anger, the repressed anger, may also be allowed." He said, "What are you saying? I always dream that I have killed my woman. And I always dream that 1 kill her, suffocate her, while making love to her. And I am afraid that if I lose control I will not be able to resist the temptation to suffocate and kill her."
Now the anger has become a great force inside him. He is so afraid to decontrol, how can he love? It is impossible. And if you miss love, you will miss prayer and you will miss God too.
This repressive society, this repressive civilization has failed utterly. Yet you are not aware.
I have heard a beautiful story:

In the days when Khrushchev (and, somehow, we miss him) was Mr.

Big in the Soviet Union, he often admitted that Stalin treated him occasionally like a court jester or clown and ordered him, "Dance the gopak." "And", Khrushchev would add, "I danced."
Somebody in the crowd would always cry out, "Why did you let him make a fool of you? And Khrushchev would demand sternly, "Who asked that question? Stand up!" Inevitably, nobody answered, and after the appropriate pause, Khrushchev would conclude, "That, comrades, is why I danced too."

Just out of fear, Stalin can kill.
Stalin is death, and your priests have been death, representatives of death not of God.
I represent life. Your priests have been in conspiracy with death and they have crippled life. Your priests talk about God, but it seems they are partners with the devil. A great conspiracy....
And they have destroyed the whole human mind. They have uprooted you from your feeling part; they have made you hang in your head. Now you don't know how you feel; that's why you cannot trust your feeling and you have always to look to somebody to tell you what to do. In the childhood the parents go on telling you do this and don't do that. Then in the school, the teacher; then in the university, the professor; then in the society, the boss, the politician, the leader. Everywhere you are being told what to do and what not to do. And you are always seeking somebody to dominate you so that you can become dependent.

Because you don't know how to get commandments from your own heart, from your own being, you always depend on some authority outside.
This is ugly, this is miserable, this should not be.
I am not an authority here. At the most a midwife, but not an authority. I can help you to be reborn, but I

cannot dominate you, I cannot dictate things to you. You hanker for it. People come to me and they say, "Osho, tell us exactly what we have to do." But why can't you listen to your own heart? You have life bubbling inside you. The spring is there, the source is there. Go in. I can tell you how to go in, I can teach you the devices for how to go in, but take your commandments from there. There is the Bible inside you -- the REAL book, the Veda, the real knowledge. Get your instructions from there, and once you start getting your instructions from your innermost core, you will be a free man and a happy man. A free man is happy; an unfree man is never happy. You are not meant to be slaves. You are meant to be masters. That's why I call my sannyasins "swami"; swami means a master, one who has taken his reins in his own hands.

Question 3

BELOVED OSHO, WHILE I WAS ROAMING AROUND NEAR BOMBAY, I STOPPED AT MUKTANANDA'S ASHRAM FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS. UNEXPECTEDLY, WHILE I WAS THERE HE POURED ON ME MUCH GRACE AND VERY SPECIAL ATTENTION, EVEN THOUGH THE FIRST THING I SAID WAS I AM A DISCIPLE OF BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH.

I FELT HONORED BY HIM YET WAS A BIT UNCOMFORTABLE. MAINLY, I FELT GUILT TOWARD YOU. I AM BACK NOW TO YOU BUT VERY CONFUSED. PLEASE HELP ME.

First thing, whatsoever you do, never feel guilty -- whatsoever you do. To go to Muktananda's ashram is not a sin. It may be your karma, but it is not a sin. You have not violated any rule, because I don't have any rules. How can you violate? I don't give you rules, because you are such neurotic people that out of the

rules you will create guilt. Never associate guilt with me, around me, in association with me. I don't want you to create any guilt, to ever feel guilty. Whatsoever you do, do it totally.
Now, you have been to Muktanand's ashram: you should have been there totally. You must have been thinking about me there, and you must have been feeling guilty. You have been taught wrong things.
To be with me is not a monogamy. It is not a husband-wife relationship, that the wife cannot look at another man or the husband cannot look at another woman. I make you absolutely free. How many times do I have to repeat it? You can go to Muktananda or anywhere -- to hell even, you can go. And if you wander around Bombay too much, suddenly one day you will find yourself in hell, remember. Because a direct route goes from Bombay to hell.
And this is surprising how you managed to reach Muktananda's ashram by wandering around Bombay.

It is far away from Bombay. But it may be the same guilt: you cannot even take the responsibility that "I WENT." You cannot even say that? How poor. You cannot even take your responsibility that "I went to Muktananda's ashram." You say, "... while I was roaming around near Bombay, I stopped at Muktananda's ashram -- FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS"! Just look at the absurdity.
Be responsible. If you have been there, you have been there, and nothing is wrong in it. Muktananda is also God; maybe a mediocre god but still a god. You are allowed to go to mediocre gods too. And don't feel guilty; because you are already punished. Muktananda is a punishment. What more punishment do you need?
Remember responsibility always. Whatsoever you do, do consciously; don't wander. The questioner is trying to say that it was not conscious, deliberate -- "by

chance." But nothing is by chance; everything is your responsibility. Don't be accidental. This is one of the ways how we try to throw responsibility onto others' shoulders. Your act is your act. Next time, please, if you go, there is no need to wander so much. You can go directly.
And then "a couple of days" -- just by wandering. A couple of minutes may have been okay, but a couple of days means you wanted to be there. But nothing is wrong in it. What I am insisting on is: accept it, that you wanted to be there.
And it is good.

I know how you feel. You are shopping for a guru, and it is a supermarket. There are many gurus in the world, and how can you just decide that this man is the right one? You will have to go here and there; sometimes to Muktananda, sometimes to Sai Baba, sometimes to somebody else. Nothing is wrong in it.
If something of me has penetrated your heart, you will come back. If not, then it is good that you don't come back. If something beneficial happens to you there, then allow it to happen, with all my blessings, because that is what we are trying to do. If it happens in Muktananda's ashram, good. It should happen, that is the point. I am not in any obsession with Poona, that it should happen in Poona. If your enlightenment happens in Muktananda's ashram, very, very good. I will be happy, tremendously happy it happened. Poona is not the point. This small piece of land... how many people can become enlightened here? The whole world is yours; become enlightened anywhere you want, choose any place.
And it is natural for the mind to go here and there. One wavers a little and then by and by one settles. And it is good that one should waver a little. So don't force yourself to be here if the idea arises, which is natural, to

go and visit some other ashrams and see what is happening there. You may be just deceived here. Who knows? I may be just a fake, a fraud. So who knows? Just go and see what is happening there.

Maybe something is really happening there and you are benefited. Good. If not, I am available here; you can come back. But don't create any guilt.
"Unexpectedly, while I was there he poured on me much grace and very special attention, even though the first thing I said was I am a disciple of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh." That's why! It is so simple and so political; there is nothing much in it, not a mystery. Next time go without wearing orange, without a MALA, shave your head so he cannot recognize you; and then see.
Mulla Nasrudin died. He went to heaven, but of course, as you are concerned with going to some other ashram, he lived in heaven a few days and then he said to God, "I have never seen hell. And who knows, maybe things are better there. And rumors have come that they have air-conditioned it and much dancing and drinking goes on there and all the beautiful people of the world are there. Here there are only sad saints, holy people, sitting dusty and dirty under the trees. No song -- not even a newspaper! No radio, no tv. And rumors are that all the politicians are there and all the scientists are there and they have created a beautiful place."
God said, "You can go and see and have a visit." And a two-days' visa was given to him.
He went and he was received with great celebration. And it was really beautiful; he had never even dreamt of such a beautiful place.

He thought, "What nonsense! Even God would enjoy to be here. Nobody knows that hell has changed completely, and we go on believing in old books where heaven was praised and hell was condemned. Now

things are totally different; things are the other way! "
For two days he enjoyed. He gambled and drank and danced, and all the beautiful women from Cleopatra to Marilyn Monroe -- all were there. It was tremendously beautiful, and two days just passed like two seconds. He was very sorry.
He went back and said to God, "I don't want to be in heaven. Please give me a permanent visa; I want to go there."
God said, "But remember, once you have a permanent change of address, you will not be allowed to come back."
He said, "Who wants to come back? Don't waste time! And I don't want to go through the red tape. Give me an order immediately that I want to go to hell. I don't want to stay here a single moment."
And of course, it was arranged. He reached hell, and suddenly almost a dozen devils jumped on him and started beating him. He said, "What are you doing?"
And he looked around; that beautiful scene was not there -- all was fire and flames. And he said, "This looks like the old hell. Have I missed something? Have I reached a wrong place?"
They said, "No, you are in the right place."
"But," he said, "just the other day I was here for two days and it was so beautiful."

They laughed and said, "That was not the real hell. It was just a showpiece for the visitors. Now you have come as a permanent resident here; now you will know the real thing."
So next time, don't talk about me. If you talk about me, certainly, it is simple and diplomatic that much grace and love and attention should be given to you.
And it worked too: "I felt honored by him...." Special attention; who will not feel honored? Here I never give

any special attention to anybody. Even if you want to see me you will have to wait for days. The appointment is not so easy. And I don't pay any special attention to anybody, because here I really mean to work, I mean business.
Special attention is given to you just to buttress your ego... and that's how things go on. The guru buttresses the ego of the disciple and the disciple buttresses the ego of the guru; and a mutual understanding happens and things go well and everything runs smoothly. They go on lubricating each other. Here, nothing of that sort.,I am very businesslike; I don't give any special attention to you. Because the very desire to get special attention is wrong. What are you going to do with the special attention you get? You will feed your ego. Everybody wants to be specially attended to. Why? Because everybody wants to be somebody special.
So of course, there is nothing mysterious in it: "I felt honored by him.

..." The special attention worked on your ego.
If you want to be here with me, remember, I am not playing any game of the ego with you. Things are straight, direct. You are here to dissolve yourself, and I am here to help you die. It is going to be arduous, but all growth is painful.
But if you want children's toys, then you can go anywhere you want to. Maybe you need them right now. Maybe you are still childish, juvenile, not a mature person. Then you will need something like that.
But never feel guilty. I don't want you to feel guilty for anything, whatsoever it is. Unconditionally, I want to say to you that I don't want to create guilt in you.

Question 4
IT IS FOUND THAT REMEMBRANCE OF "BELOVED' OR "DARLING" IS MORE SPONTANEOUS AND EASY THAN

THE REMEMBRANCE OF "GOD" OR "SUPREME SELF."
WHY IS IT SO?

It is so simple. Why should it not be so? Your beloved is real; your God is just a bogus concept, empty, immaterial, just a word. If you go deep in it, there is nothing in it. Your God is just a word; your beloved is a reality. My God is a reality; your God is not a reality. Your God is just a word heard unconsciously; it goes on reverberating, vibrating in you, but it is just a word. What does it mean? It has no meaning. Your beloved, of course, is significant.
That's why I say forget about God the concept, the word, the theological idea; rather, love -- love your beloved -- and love her so deeply, or him so deeply, that a moment comes when you can feel the beloved not as the body but as the soul.

That will be the door of the temple of God. Love totally, and through total love, prayer becomes, by and by, a natural phenomenon. Love is transformed into prayer. Each beloved, each lover, becomes a window to God.
So I don't teach you: go against love. I teach you: go through love. That is the whole difference between my teaching and the teaching of the traditional, so-called saints. I teach you go through love; that is natural. But go so totally, so utterly lost in it that by and by it is not just a superficial thing; you can start feeling the soul of the other. In that moment, you will be able to see the whole of existence filled with soul.
If you have looked into the eyes of your beloved and seen something of the ineffable, the indefinable, then look at the tree and you will see the same thing there too. Then look at the rose and you will find the same eyes there too. Then run around and you will see he is everywhere. But the first glimpse will be in your beloved; and that is natural.

Love is the natural way to God.

Two very small boys were playing marbles together when a very, very pretty little girl walked by. One of the boys exclaimed fervently to his pal, "Brother, when I stop hating girls, she is the one I am going to stop hating first!"

From the very childhood, from the very beginning, love takes hold of you.

Maybe you are not yet able to define it, maybe you can still think only in terms of "hate," that you will "not hate" this person. It is a negative definition of love, still love is negative -- but by and by it will become positive. By and by even the positivity will disappear; it will become existential. Then it is prayer.
If you can go on diving deep into love, one day you will find that you have arrived at God.

Mistress Mulla Nasrudin complained to the school principal that her thirteen-year-old son seemed to be spending most of his time staring at the girls in their summer miniskirts. "Don't worry," were the principal's reassuring words. "He is just going through a stage that won't last more than the rest of his life."

Love is something that lasts your whole life. You begin in love; you should end in love. Then the circle is complete. You are born out of love; you should die in love. Then the circle is complete.
But your God is bogus, your God is out of fear; or your God is just a concept given by others to you.

A little girl -- 1974 model -- had been on dozens of jet planes in her time, but this was her first overnight journey in an upper berth of a Pullman car. Somewhat

frightened, she called out at regular intervals to her mother below, "Mommy, are you there?"

After many hours of this a gentleman across the aisle piped up, "Yes, mommy is here.

And I am here too. We are all trying to get a little sleep. So for heaven's sake, stop that confounded noise."
There was a moment of silence, and then a quavering little voice called out, "Mommy, was that God?"

That's your concept of God: fear. Your God means your father, magnified; your headmaster, magnified; or the head constable. What do you mean by your God? You don't have any experience.
Rather than thinking of God as your father, it is better to think of God as your beloved; because a father is an authoritative figure, unnatural, social, formal. Once it never existed; sometime it may disappear again. It is better to think of God as your beloved; and it is better to move through the beloved towards the ultimate beloved. You will be moving naturally, spontaneously, and there will be no repression, and there will be no unnecessary harshness in your lifestyle -- you will not become a masochist.
And if you can go to God laughing, why go weeping? If you can go to God dancing, then why not go dancing? I don't teach you a God who is against life and love. I teach you a God who is the very depth, the very ground of life and love.
You can drop the word "God" if it creates trouble for you. Replace it with "love," and let "love" to be with a lowercase l, not with a capital L. Don't make much fuss about it. A lowercase l, ordinary love -- the love that happens between two friends, that happens between a husband and wife, that happens between a child and a mother, that happens, always happens, in relationship.

Become more and more loving and you will be closer to God, closer and closer. The day your whole being is a state of love, you have arrived: God is revealed to you. Yes, Jesus is right when he says, "God is love." But my insistence is even more than Jesus'; I say, "Love is God." Jesus says God is love; I say love is God. And the word "God" has become very dirty because it has been used and misused by politicians and priests for so long. It is a dirty word now; you can drop it. "Love" is fresher, more virgin, more existential, truer.
Love, and whomsoever you love, you will find he has become a God. Love, and you will always find God in the end.

THE END.

Chapter : 7:Enter into your own body
17 December 1976 am in Buddha Hall

II. 22. man tu par utar kanh jaiho

TO WHAT SHORE WOULD YOU CROSS, O MY HEART? THERE IS NO TRAVELER BEFORE YOU, THERE IS NO ROAD.
WHERE IS THE MOVEMENT, WHERE IS THE REST, ON THAT SHORE?
THERE IS NO WATER; NO BOAT, NO BOATMAN IS THERE;
THERE IS NOT SO MUCH AS A ROPE TO TOW THE BOAT, NOR A MAN TO DRAW IT.
NO EARTH, NO SKY, NO TIME, NO THING, IS THERE: NO SHORE, NO FORD!
THERE, THERE IS NEITHER BODY NOR MIND. AND WHERE IS THE PLACE THAT SHALL STILL THE THIRST OF THE SOUL? YOU SHALL FIND NAUGHT IN THAT EMPTINESS.
BE STRONG, AND ENTER INTO YOUR OWN BODY: FOR THERE YOUR FOOTHOLD IS FIRM. CONSIDER IT WELL, O MY HEART! GO NOT ELSEWHERE.
KABIR SAYS: "PUT ALL IMAGINATION AWAY, AND STAND FAST IN THAT WHICH YOU ARE."

II. 81. satgur soi daya kar dinha

IT IS THE MERCY OF MY TRUE GURU THAT HAS MADE ME TO KNOW THE UNKNOWN;
I HAVE LEARNED FROM HIM HOW TO WALK WITHOUT FEET, TO SEE WITHOUT EYES, TO HEAR WITHOUT EARS, TO DRINK WITHOUT MOUTH, TO FLY WITHOUT WINGS;
I HAVE BROUGHT MY LOVE AND MY MEDITATION INTO THE LAND WHERE THERE IS NO SUN AND MOON, NOR DAY AND NIGHT.
WITHOUT EATING, I HAVE TASTED OF THE SWEETNESS OF NECTAR, AND WITHOUT WATER, I HAVE QUENCHED MY THIRST.
WHERE THERE IS THE RESPONSE OF DELIGHT, THERE IS THE FULLNESS OF JOY.

BEFORE WHOM CAN THAT JOY BE UTTERED?
KABIR SAYS: "THE GURU IS GREAT BEYOND WORDS, AND GREAT IS THE GOOD FORTUNE OF THE DISCIPLE."

GOD IS WITHIN AND WITHOUT, because only God is. In fact to say "God is" is a

repetition because God is never "is not." God is the very isness of existence. We can say "the house is" because once the house was not and once again the house will not be. To call the house "is" is okay because the "is not" is possible. We can say "the man is" but we cannot say "God is," because only he is, always has been, always will be. God is the very isness, God is existence itself.

Then why say the word "God" at all? Why use it? We use it very symbolically, to indicate something. When we say "God is" we mean existence is not without a soul. We mean that existence is not dead. We mean that existence is alive, throbbing with love, compassion, consciousness, conscience; that existence is intimate; that there is a possibility of addressing existence and there is a possibility of getting the response. When we say "God is" we mean that existence allows the possibility of a dialogue. You can have a dialogue with it; you can call it "thou" and it will not be meaningless; and you can be in such a state that prayer becomes possible, that communion becomes possible.

That's all the word "God" carries. Existence is not like a dead rock; it is an alive flower.